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Election Year.....	J. FREDERICK SMITH	
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The Healing Hands of Music



THE TRUMPETS proclaimed the majesty of God. Three thousand people in Carnegie Hall were closer to Him as the unearthly music of Verdi's *Requiem* lifted them to higher spheres.

Arturo Toscanini, a giant at 81, was conducting, and gathering the notes into the harmonies that Verdi, his teacher, had conceived.

"Save me, O fount of mercy," sang four soloists imploringly. My thoughts drifted to the girl high up in the balcony whom I had seen climbing the stairs with sheer muscular determination.

She had entered the balcony a moment after I had taken my seat. A girl with delicate features, about 25 years old, she was a cripple. I had reached for my opera glasses and pretended to look at the orchestra. I didn't want her to feel that I was watching her but I couldn't help noticing how she pressed her crutch against the floor to lift herself up. She panted, yet I could not move a limb.

Two men rushed down to help her. "Oh thank you so much," she said apologetically. "This is a bit

stiff for me." They lifted her to the next step but then she insisted, "It's all right now." With all her strength she swung

her thin, steel-braced leg around and placed it on the higher ledge. Step by step she inched her way to the uppermost row as the lights were being dimmed.

The music drew me back. Fascinated, I watched how the slightest movement of Toscanini's hands, the pointing of a finger, was echoed by the instruments and reflected in the voices. To one who had listened to the *Requiem* many times it had never sounded so awe-inspiring. The gates of heaven seemed to open as the closing strains of the music, in unison with the soprano begged, "Let everlasting light shine on them."

People still clapped long after the maestro had left the stage. I joined the outrushing throng. All around me was a babel of tongues. But for ten minutes I waited outside. I couldn't go home. At last the girl came out, on her crutches. Nobody who saw her face noticed her affliction. Her smile was still glowing from the everlasting light.

—ERNEST MAASS



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Prelude to a Song

IT WAS THE SUMMER of 1893, and Katherine Lee Bates, a young teacher at Wellesley College in Massachusetts, decided to spend her vacation "discovering America." From the Chicago World's Fair, with all its marvels, she traveled west to Colorado.

The fields and streams of Indiana, the rolling farmlands of Ohio, the unending acres of waving wheat in Nebraska, the tall corn of Iowa—all these impressed and excited the young teacher of English literature who was making her first trip West. And upon arriving at Colorado Springs, where she was to spend three weeks teaching in summer school, she was thrilled beyond words by the snow-capped mountains.

The climax of her vacation, however, came one day when she and a group of other teachers chartered a prairie wagon to take them to the top of near-by Pike's Peak, and there the young teacher from New England glimpsed the magnificent panorama that made her feel as if she were seeing, in those brief moments, all the natural beauties of the entire land.

On the long bumpy ride down the mountain, the first line of a poem kept running through her mind. And when she left Colorado Springs a few days later, four stanzas were penciled in her notebook and almost forgotten.

But two years later Katherine Lee Bates came across the poem and sent the manuscript to a church publication which published it on July 4, 1895.

The poem was instantly popular, but it was not until 1904 that the revised version of the verse was set to the lovely, familiar music of Samuel A. Ward.

Today, those moving words are sung by Americans everywhere, recreating the faith and love of a young girl whose summer vacation became the prelude to a song:

"O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain.
America, America,
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with
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From sea to shining sea."



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IT HAS BEEN SAID that one never thinks of Ingrid Bergman *acting* a part, whether it be a night-club singer or a female psychiatrist—you feel she really is the singer or the doctor. In her newest role, *Joan of Arc*, she touches yet another pinnacle in a career that has seen her variously cast as a nun, a Spanish revolutionary, a vixen and a dip-

somaniac. Restless and experimental, she has never been content to do the same kind of part twice, and has always insisted upon playing diversified roles. There are millions of Bergman idolizers and their excessive adulation sometimes distresses her. "In Stockholm I go everywhere alone," she says. "They recognize me but no one pays any attention."

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Prima Ballerina

THE GREATEST BALLET dancer in the memory of man was Anna Pavlova, who for 25 years held audiences spellbound in the Far East, South America, Europe, in every state of the U.S.A.—all over the world. This is the considered opinion of all the critics who saw her perform, and of all the ballet masters who had seen the best dancers of two generations before her.

Pavlova was born near St. Petersburg, Russia, in 1885, and even as a small child she seemed destined to dance. She would make up graceful little dances, trying to imitate the flight of butterflies and birds. Then, when she was eight, her mother took her to a ballet performance of Tschaikowsky's *Sleeping Beauty*. Her enthralment with the dance was absolute. She clenched her little fingers in her palm until she drew blood.

At ten her mother entered her in the Imperial School, an institution founded by Peter the Great, where the discipline was more rigorous than that at many military academies. But Pavlova was already consecrated to the path she would follow, and from the very beginning she showed the mark of greatness. At 22, she was a ballerina, and from that time on her career was a succession of conquests.

Neither illness nor fatigue could keep her from dancing. The entire world had an opportunity to see the fabulous Pavlova, for she lived for her art. Every year she made

a world-wide ballet tour, although she could have earned as much money in her adopted city, London. "People everywhere want to see me dance," she would say. Once in Mexico, her performance was awaited so enthusiastically that it was held in the Bull Ring so that all could see her. The ring held 36,000 and it was filled when Pavlova danced.

In the end she accepted death rather than stop dancing. She had been in a train wreck on the Continent, and although she was uninjured, she caught a chill while waiting for aid. Her friends begged her to rest, but some inner force compelled her to go on dancing. In a short time she contracted pneumonia and her life hung in the balance. An operation would have relieved some of the pressure on her lungs, but it would have kept her from ever dancing again. She knew what was happening. She knew the possible consequences. She refused the operation.

As she lay in a delirium, she called for the costume of the swan, and her wasted arms waved in the graceful movements of her favorite role. Millions of people had been electrified by the sight of Pavlova floating across the stage in that celebrated pattern. But now she performed because it was the only earthly thing she cared about.

Her arms faltered. Remembering the dance, smiling, she closed her eyes. Pavlova was dead.

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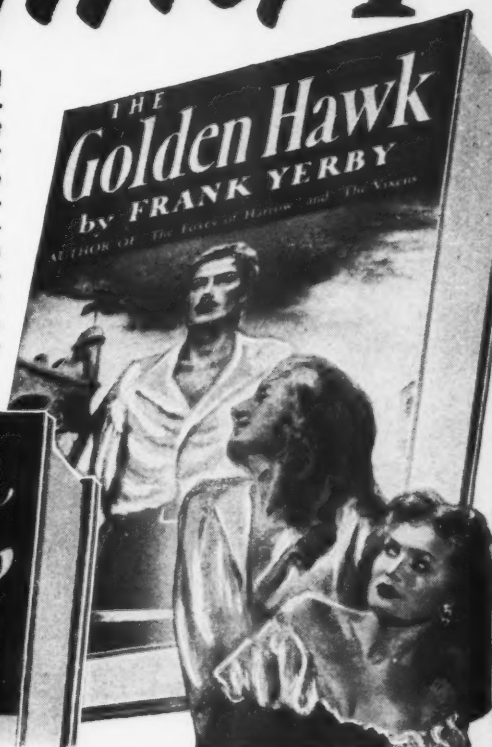
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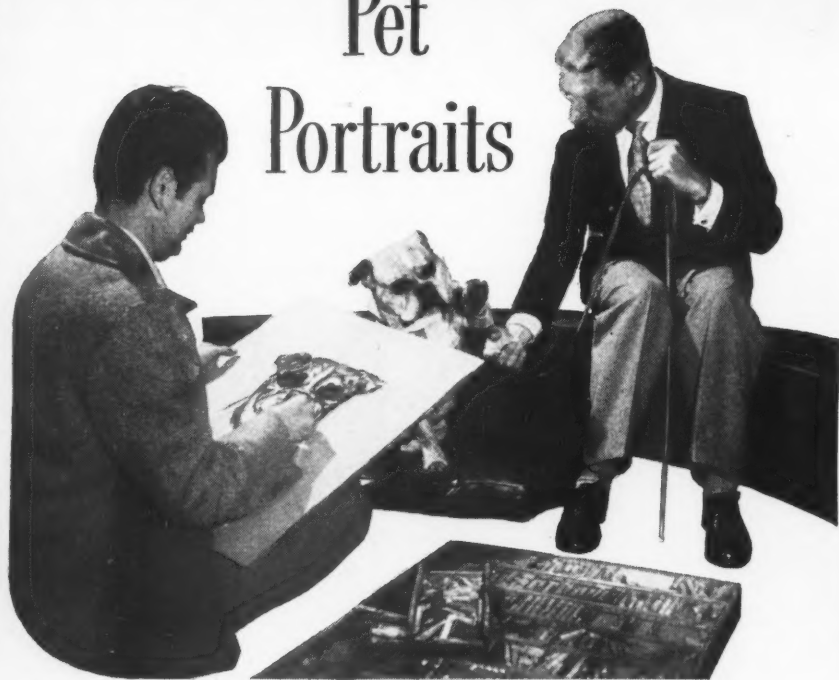
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THE TANTALIZING LADY above is Valerie Bettis, the sensation of the hit musical *Inside U. S. A.* Now in its sixth month, the review takes its title and very little else from John Gunther's famous inspection of America. Although Beatrice Lillie sings a song about Pittsburgh, where the sun shines only in your heart, and Jack Haley tells a young lady, "Rhode Island Is Famous for You," there is less geography than the title suggests. *Tiger Lily*, Miss Bettis' big number, tells a story which might happen anywhere in the U. S. As an enchantress suspected of having pushed an admirer off a cliff, she is the center of a good-natured

spoofing of overdramatized murder trials. Opening-night critics liked her so much that the show's producers tore up her contract and doubled her salary.

A Texan, who has been trying for the past seven years to interest the public in modern dance via the concert stage, Miss Bettis is pleasantly surprised by the stir she's caused. It leaves her very little time for tennis and painting, both of which she loves. But she intends to remain *Tiger Lily* until the role begins to bore her. "Right now," she says with just a ghost of a Southern accent, "The best is hearing people applaud modern dance without realizing it."

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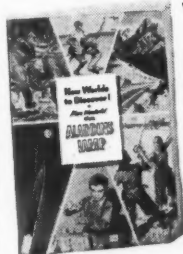
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Head Man of Genius

TO MOST PEOPLE, being a world traveler, master of eight languages, and student of ancient philosophies and contemporary world politics would be a full career. To J. Robert Oppenheimer, brilliant young American physicist, these skills proved mere preliminaries. His main bout was with the atom.

Before he vaulted to fame as the man who built the atom bomb, Oppenheimer had been a luminary in a challenging but obscure field—theoretical physics. After the war,

he hoped vainly to return to his quiet university classrooms. But it was too late. He settled instead for the directorship of the Institute of Advanced Study at Princeton, N. J., an intellectual fortress dedicated to serious research, providing a meeting place for great scholars from all over the world. Now, Oppenheimer works tirelessly with Washington, the U. N., and other famous scientists like Albert Einstein to bring about the peaceful birth of the Atomic Age.

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—CHARLES E. MARTIN

Shove Thy Neighbor

IT WAS THE FIVE O'CLOCK rush hour on a hot summer afternoon in New York City. And to add to the usual miseries of the homeward-bound office workers the skies had opened up in a sudden cloudburst. On one corner, a drenched little group of would-be passengers watched in dismal silence as two, then three tightly-packed busses passed them by.

Finally, a less crowded bus stopped. They tried in vain to board it, but inside, the passengers, as if observing some unwritten code,

blandly ignored the driver's request that they move to the rear of the coach.

At length, the driver stood up, turned around and faced his audience of passengers with a good-natured smile.

"Come on now, folks," he pleaded, "these may be your neighbors you're making stand out there in the pouring rain." And then with a broad grin, he rubbed his jaw and added: "Come to think of it, that may be why you're doing it."

—CAROL HEGGEN

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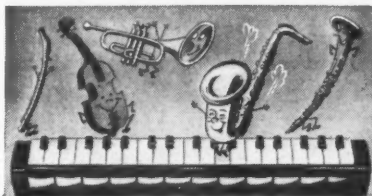
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Samaritan of Sound

THE NAME Alexander Graham Bell stands high on the roster of mechanical wizards whose achievements have transformed the modern world. But while the telephone has made possible the swiftest mass intercommunication ever known, Alexander Graham Bell was more than an inspired inventor. He was a great humanitarian.

Long before the telephone became a realized dream, Bell was assisting his father, Alexander Melville Bell, in development of Visible Speech, a technique which lessened the anguish of one of life's most tragic

afflictions—for Visible Speech formed the basis of the system still used in teaching the deaf to speak. Centers were established to train teachers, and Bell himself became an important figure in the School of Oratory at Boston University.

In 1877 Bell married Mabel G. Hubbard, who proved an inspiring helpmate. Inventions were always secondary to Bell after that, and with good reason he devoted his life to the welfare of the deaf. For the wife who was to stand by him throughout his life had been deaf herself from early childhood.

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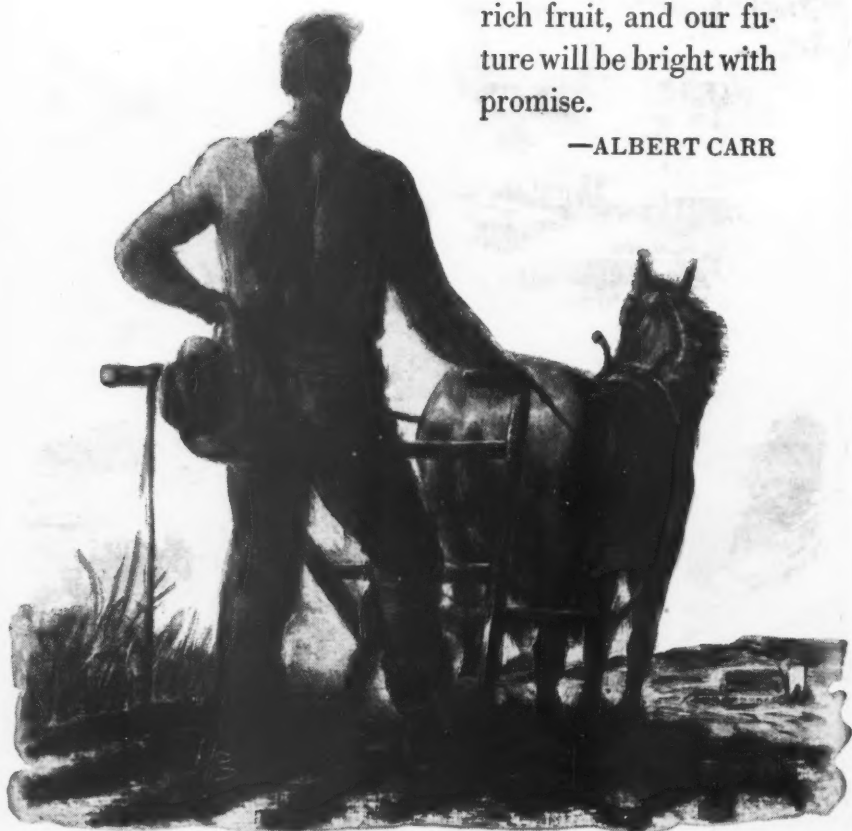


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So long as we give our country something more than words, something of ourselves, American democracy will continue to grow and bear rich fruit, and our future will be bright with promise.

—ALBERT CARR



ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID BERGER

— for Heart Disease: —

VITAMIN E

by J. D. RATCLIFF

A MEDICAL BATTLE ROYAL is raging in Canada. Three physicians in Ontario claim to have found the simplest, most effective treatment ever devised for North America's No. 1 killer—heart disease. Allied against them, other physicians claim the medical trio have absolutely nothing, except perhaps the ability to mesmerize patients into *thinking* they are better.

If the three Canadian physicians are right, they are destined to become medical immortals. If they are wrong, they face reputational ruin. Meanwhile, the outcome of this argument is a matter of supreme importance to the 500,000 Americans doomed to die of heart disease within the next 12 months.

The treatment devised by Drs. Evan Shute and Arthur Vogelsang

of London, Ontario, and Dr. Wilfrid Shute of near-by Guelph, is simplicity itself. It consists of nothing more than a few vitamin E pills taken by mouth each day. For this treatment, the physicians claim 80 per cent good results with all major types of heart wreckage: coronary, anginal, hypertensive and rheumatic heart disease.

Among the 4,000 patients treated so far, they point to hundreds restored to health. They have seen swelling disappear from bloated feet and legs—a common symptom of heart disease. And they have watched “exercise tolerance” rise dramatically. The man who became breathless from walking across a room can now mow a lawn; the patient who had stabbing pains in his chest after walking a block is

well enough to play golf. With their stethoscopes, the doctors claim, they have heard the sounds emitted by sick hearts settle to the normal rhythm of healthy organs.

On the surface, it appears preposterous to expect such results from a *vitamin*. Look at the E substance supposed to work these miracles. There is more of it in the body than all other vitamins put together. Discovered in 1922 by Dr. Herbert M. Evans of the University of California, it was first labeled the "fertility" vitamin. When female rats were denied the substance, they were unable to bear young. Thus, vitamin E became the chief weapon against human abortion. Treated with it, women who had lost three or more babies were enabled to bear healthy children 80 per cent of the time.

After this heartening work, other researchers began to wonder. Was E useful only in reproduction? When rabbits were fed E-free diets, they became paralyzed. The same was true with guinea pigs, turkeys, ducks and even puppies! Microscopic examination of these animals showed that muscle fibers were "washed out."

These findings changed all emphasis on E. Instead of being primarily the fertility vitamin, it appeared to exert a far greater influence in keeping muscles healthy. These observations led to use of E in treatment of fibrositis and other types of muscular pain.

A British researcher tried vitamin E on old hunting dogs that showed all signs of heart disease. Under treatment, the animals ran with the pack again and even were used for breeding.

Nevertheless, it was difficult to make such findings fit an orderly pattern. Still, E was the muscle vitamin—and the heart was the hardest-working muscle in the body. This, however, is getting ahead of our story. Let's get back to Evan Shute of Ontario, a big, mild-mannered man who once was intercollegiate boxing champion of Canada.

His father, a rural schoolteacher and farmer, waited until mid-life to settle on a career. At 34, he sold the family farm and used the money to enroll in medical college.

The elder Shute wanted his three sons to become doctors, too. Evan went to the University of Toronto, then did postgraduate work in pathology at Wayne University, Detroit. Next he spent a year in surgery at Montreal General Hospital, then three-and-a-half years at Chicago's famed Lying-in Hospital, working with the great Dr. Joseph B. De Lee.

In 1935, while practicing obstetrics in London, he started using E on women who had suffered spontaneous abortions. He became convinced that the vitamin had an antagonistic action against estrogen, a hormone produced by the ovaries, which causes rhythmic contractions of the womb. Mightn't this hormone cause dislodgement of a new life, resulting in abortion? And wasn't it reasonable to suppose that vitamin E prevented this by neutralizing estrogen?

During the summer of 1945, Floyd Skelton, medical student at Western Ontario, wanted a research project. Shute suggested that he investigate the E-estrogen antagonism. Skelton agreed and started injecting dogs with estrogens.

Soon he noted something strange;

blood vessels under the dogs' skin broke down. But when the animals were given E, the purple patches disappeared. Skelton reported this to Shute at an opportune moment.

In a London hospital, a friend of Shute's—Dr. Arthur Vogelsang—had a difficult patient, a 67-year-old man with hypertensive heart disease. The patient was scheduled for surgery, but his condition was so poor that the surgeon was afraid to operate. Kidneys were limping badly; fluids were causing gross swelling of legs. Rupture of blood vessels made large purple patches—and it was this that caught their interest.

E had cleared up such hemorrhages in dogs. What about man? Skelton calculated the amount of vitamin E required to get results. Each day, the old man took massive doses. On the fifth day, Vogelsang was making routine rounds of the hospital. The patient's bed was empty. The old man was helping floor nurses with trays!

The patient reported that he hadn't felt better in years. Breathlessness was gone, and so was the leg swelling. He announced proudly that he had done more work that morning than in several years.

Vogelsang and Shute, unprepared for this turn of events, started reading all available data on E. Besides its stimulating effect on muscles, E exerted some mysterious beneficial effect on blood vessels. Also, muscles starved of E required a lot of oxygen—several times the amount required by healthy muscle.

Vogelsang and Shute reasoned that E's stimulating effect on blood vessels would have direct action on the heart itself. This same stimulat-

ing effect would account for improved kidney function; and E's ability to cut oxygen requirements would minimize breathlessness. Thus, the two men theorized their way through the problem. They were reasonably sure that the vitamin could do no harm—the body would simply discard any excess quantities it did not want.

Patient No. 2 was Dr. Shute's mother, a 71-year-old lady who had suffered stabbing anginal pains. For fear of bringing on an attack, she avoided exercise: her arms and legs were waterlogged. After five days on E, swelling was gone and pains had disappeared.

Brother Wilfrid Shute, practicing in Guelph, started using vitamin E in his own practice. In the three years that have elapsed since Case No. 1 was treated, the three-man team has used vitamin E on some 4,000 heart patients.

ONE OF THE COMMONEST FORMS of heart disease is that which accompanies hypertension—high blood pressure. This means that the heart must work harder to push blood through the circulatory system. It may, in time, simply work itself to death.

Coronary occlusion is another form of heart disease. In this, a clot forms on an artery in the heart, grows larger, finally blocks the flow of blood. A fifth of the people to whom this happens die within a few hours. In others, scar tissue forms in the damaged area, cutting heart efficiency.

Rheumatic heart disease is a third form. In this, some microbe as yet unidentified attacks the heart, injuring valves, destroying muscle

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Rheumatic heart disease is a third form. In this, some microbe as yet unidentified attacks the heart, injuring valves, destroying muscle

tissue. The organ may have to labor several times as hard to accomplish a given amount of work as it did before injury.

A fourth form is caused by hardening of heart arteries. They become smaller and less elastic, thereby reducing the heart's food supply. The starved muscle reacts by forming scar tissue, which further cuts the capacity of the organ.

For the most part, laymen think of angina pectoris as a disease in itself. Actually, it is a *symptom* which may announce the presence of any of the conditions mentioned above. Stabbing pains simply indicate that the heart muscle isn't getting enough blood.

Vitamin E has been used for all these disorders by Drs. Shute and Vogelsang. Of 84 patients having anginal pain, 52 per cent got complete relief; 44 per cent got some improvement. In 28 cases of rheumatic heart disease, 53 per cent got marked improvement; 43 per cent some improvement. In 66 cases of hypertension, 42 per cent got marked improvement; 43 per cent some improvement.

Look at some of the patients. One man was a wheel-chair invalid. Even sustained conversation brought on sharp anginal pains. Massive doses of E got him out of his wheel chair. Recently, he fished all day, then played bridge until midnight. Next day, he played nine holes of golf!

A 52-year-old musician suffered attacks of coronary thrombosis over a five-year period. He started taking E in July, 1945, and hasn't spent a day in bed since. Another man, 26, had a siege of rheumatic fever while a youngster. Now he is working in

a foundry. Another patient, 71 years old, was prey to anginal pains at the slightest exertion. Now he is doing heavy work in a tannery.

On the basis of these cases—and hundreds like them—Wilfrid Shute states bluntly: "Vitamin E is the most effective known drug in the treatment of heart disease, and certainly the safest. The percentage of cases which show improvement is high—80 per cent. The degree of improvement, even in the worst cases, is often marked."

Best results recorded thus far, the Canadian physicians claim, have been obtained with anginal symptoms, with early coronary thrombosis, and in cases with early failure. So far as high blood pressure by itself is concerned, E seems to exert little influence, although dramatic improvement has been recorded in a few cases associated with heart disease.

RESULTS OBTAINED so far seem impressive. What, then, are the objections? Critical physicians complain that the Shutes and Vogel-sang have not used "controls"—that is, have not treated one group of patients by traditional methods, while treating a second group with E. Such procedure would give a basis for comparing older methods with the new one.

To this objection, Evan Shute retorts: "We have the records of a century of medical practice to indicate the course of heart disease under standard treatment." Wilfrid Shute, who has treated 2,000 patients with E, affirms that private practitioners are in no position to do "controlled" experiments.

Secondly, physicians complain

about that ever-recurring medical bugaboo: publicity. The E treatment has been publicized in Canadian newspapers and American news magazines. Vogelsang replies that his group was in no position to stop such publication, since the stories covered talks given in open medical meetings and reports in medical publications.

A third criticism is that electrocardiograms—tracings of heart-action patterns—show little change soon after E treatment. Vogelsang replies that some electrocardiograms *do* show significant changes. And that in cases where there are no changes, he is more impressed by reactions of the patient than by reactions in a strip of photo film.

The American Medical Association sums up the case of the critics: "Far too often there has been overemphasis in the press on research too fresh from the laboratory to permit evaluation. The reported discovery of almost-miraculous powers of vitamin E needs careful evaluation and confirmation, because the substance has already been investigated by many competent clinicians and found wanting."

Yet in the two years that have elapsed since this discovery was announced, no such critical reports have appeared in medical journals. On the other hand, there has been published a wealth of data all supporting the Shute-Vogelsang contention—experiments on cows, rats, rabbits, dogs, hamsters, monkeys.

SINCE E IS THE MOST COMMON of all vitamins—being present in the germ of grains, leafy vegetables, root vegetables, meats—how could heart disease trace to a shortage of

the substance in normal diet? The Canadian physicians reply that we have made an almost-systematic effort to remove it from foods.

Bread, they point out, is our main staple, yet we remove most of the E-carrying germ from white flour. In fruit—apples for example—it is present in peel and core, which are usually discarded. It appears in the peel of potatoes, which we throw away.

Many investigators contend that we are more deficient in E than in any other vitamin. To this lack they attribute many of the vague aches and pains that beset us; and they think they see a connection between lack of vitamin E and widespread circulatory disorders.

In a host of other disease conditions where inadequate blood supply is the basic factor, such as thrombosis and phlebitis, chronic leg ulcers, Buerger's disease, even early gangrene, vitamin E has proved remarkably effective.

In their own field, the Shutes and Vogelsang note that heart disease is almost unknown among primitive peoples—until they start eating civilized man's food. Further, they emphasize that in 1910—before our national diet had become too refined—heart disease was the fourth cause of death instead of the first, as it is today; and that the *rate* of heart deaths is up 250 per cent in this period.

Many people attempt to explain this away by noting that early in the 20th century, when the life span was shorter, people didn't live long enough to get heart disease. But cold fact lends little support to this idea. We may regard heart disease as an ailment of the aged, but it is

the third cause of death in the five-to-24 age group, and the top killer thereafter.

The evidence, then, seems to add up to the fact that we may all be gravely short of vitamin E. If the Canadian physicians are correct in their beliefs, the prevalence of heart disease may be simply an expression of this want.

Every new suggestion in medicine has had its early critics. At the moment, the position of E as a remedy for heart disease is not finally settled, but the dispute about its value is much less bitter than at first. The original opposition developed before doctors had tried the treatment themselves. But now, a single pharmaceutical company

can point to 3,300 medical men in the U. S. who are using vitamin E for heart disease. No longer are there on the one side three dedicated advocates, on the other, a mass of vocal critics. Evan Shute puts his case thusly:

"It is hard to imagine that what vitamin E does to clots in superficial vessels, it cannot also do for the vessels of the heart. The controversy can be settled with ease. All that is necessary is for an unprejudiced cardiac clinic to treat alternate patients by our methods and by traditional methods. The results will tell the story quickly. If we are wrong, it will be simple to prove it. If we are right, everyone should know about it."

Juvenile Innocence

A PARTY WAS BEING HELD one day for the little folks at "Grandpa's." As a special treat grandpa made a freezer of fresh-peach ice cream. When it was announced that the ice cream was ready to serve, six-year-old Johnny rushed into the house.

"Where are you going, Johnny?" grandpa asked.

"To get my nickel," Johnny explained.

"Nickel!" exclaimed grandpa.

Johnny looked dejected. "Oh!" he said finally, "has ice cream gone up here, too?"

—Sunshine

"I HOPE THAT'S A NICE book for you to read, darling," said the conscientious mother to her very young daughter.

"Oh yes, Mummy," replied the youngster. "It's a lovely book, but I don't think you would like it. It's so sad at the end."

"In what way, dear?"

"Well," the little girl sighed. "She dies—and he has to go back to his wife."

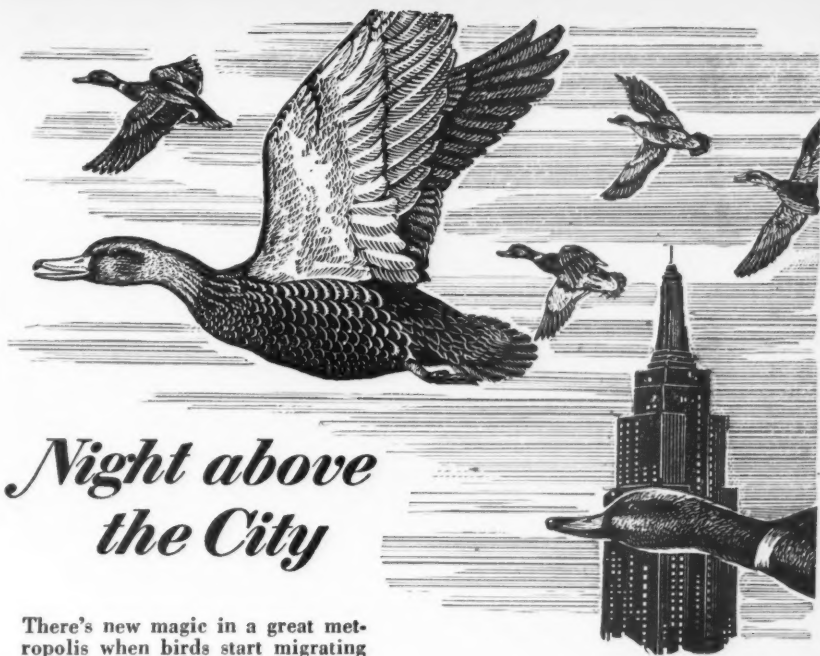
—ALAN LIPSCOTT

A MOTHER WAS READING aloud to her young daughter and came across the phrase "blood, sweat, and tears."

"You know where that quotation comes from, don't you?" she asked.

"Oh, sure," the little girl said. "From the marriage rites."

—ELEANOR CLARAGE



Night above the City

There's new magic in a great metropolis when birds start migrating

by EDWIN WAY TEALE

DURING THE FIRST 23 of its 24 hours, that Friday in October was much like other days of fall. Then, one hour before midnight, its character magically changed. It became a night unique—an adventure to remember.

A week or so before, fire engines clanging down a Long Island road had awakened me at 2 A.M. The world outside my window was flooded with moonlight, and I lay for a long time listening to the birds migrating overhead. I could hear their little calls and cries as they passed across the moonlit sky.

I thought—as you have thought on hearing birds in the autumn night—of the swamps and woods, the towns and streams, the roads and

fields, over which their feathered wings were carrying them hour after hour. Where their journey began, I knew not. Where it would end, I knew not. At this one point in their long pilgrimage, through little sounds reaching me in the night, the voyagers and I had fleeting contact. Then, unseen, they sped on past.

As I lay there, I wished that I might enter the adventurous realm of the night migrants—that, suspended in the sky, I might see the world as they saw it. Suddenly an idea came to me. Could I spend a night alone during the migration season at the top of the loftiest structure produced by man, the Empire State Building in New York

City? There I would be in the world of the migrants, at the top of this great lighthouse of the land.

After several interviews with friendly but nonplused officials, I obtained the desired permission. Thus, on that Friday in October, at 11 P.M., I was riding an elevator in its swift climb toward the observation tower of the world's highest skyscraper.

Half a dozen last-minute sightseers were still on the terrace, but as midnight neared they departed, along with guides and elevator men. For a long time I leaned on the parapet, head in hands, staring at the city below like some gargoyle on a New World Notre Dame.

Glaring, spectacular signs winked and blazed in Times Square. Busses lumbered up Fifth Avenue, and taxis, looking very much like square-tailed beetles, started and stopped and raced along the asphalt. The rumble of busses came to my ears like faraway surf. There were other sounds: the hollow whistle of a tugboat, the thrumming of a plane that passed with winking lights high above me, the labored puffing of a locomotive somewhere beyond the Hudson.

A quarter-moon hung beside the Empire State Building mooring mast, but it was pale in the glare of the city. New York looked like a map laid out with luminous pins. Beyond the rivers, in New Jersey and on Long Island, street lamps ran in curves and swirls. Rows of twin sparks streamed down the highways as late autos headed for bridges and tunnels. On all sides of me, for hundreds of square miles, there were lights that glowed, lights that gleamed, lights that winked—

sodium lights, fluorescent lights, neon lights.

How strange a sight this must be for the hermit thrush that has known only the woods of northern Maine, the killdeer that has hatched from an egg in a New England pasture, the wild goose winging south from some Northern lake! Birds from woods and shore and open fields were all streaming southward above the city that night.

To avoid going out to sea, the flocks from New England and farther north had to follow the coast, along the Sound or down the Long Island shore. Other migrants were pouring down the valley of the Hudson. Thus they all were brought at last above these widespread miles of city lights, this vast lake of illumination. Their forms were hidden by the darkness, and their voices—so small above so vast a city—were almost lost in the night as they passed my man-made eyrie.

But when the birds swept close, I caught the sound of their calling. All at once, the air was filled with the mellow, whistled calling of a flock of shore birds. The sound brought with it an image of wide ocean meadows and flocks of birds wheeling and alighting in the sun.

Not long afterwards, a dozen or so dark forms sped by, visible for an instant against the sheen of the Hudson. They were silent, but the high whistling of their wings, and their silhouettes, briefly seen, proclaimed them migrating ducks. Although I knew that Canada geese were also going through that night, only once did I catch the mellow honking of a "V" as it rushed southward, invisible in the night.

Sometimes small birds alight to

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rest on the Empire State Building. But rarely have they been killed by flying into its metal and stone. There is no blinding searchlight here, as on a coastal lighthouse. Migrating birds see the tower and avoid it. On numerous occasions, homing pigeons have chosen the skyscraper as a place to pause.

Each autumn, duck hawks choose the mooring mast as a lookout from which to hurl themselves downward on smaller birds passing by. Monarch butterflies, migrating south in the fall, pause to rest; gossamer showers of floating spider silk drift by on hazy autumn days, and when the wind is from the west, praying mantes appear like gliders sailing on the updrafts.

AT 1:45 A.M. ON THAT October morning, I saw the red reflection of a giant neon sign blotted out by a slow-moving barge in the East River. Then the sign went black. All over town, other signs were going out. The hearth-pit glare of Broadway was dying down. The fever of Times Square was lessening. On a distant building, the lighted clock was long since dark. Beyond the Hudson, where a red drop had been descending regularly from an immense green coffee cup, the drop fell one last time, and the sign blacked out. In the city's lessened glare, the stars overhead were growing brighter.

A few minutes later, my ears caught a passing sound, then another, then the call repeated to right and left. Like the strokes of a knife on a whetstone, the sound resembled "Wheat! Wheat! Wheat!" Then the invisible flock of migrants passed on and left me puzzling over

their identity, although the call suggested bobolinks.

No one knows how many migrants pass over an area in a single night. Intimations of the vastness of the number have been obtained by training telescopes on the full moon and counting the birds that pass across its disk. Ludlow Griscom, noted Harvard ornithologist, kept a record of all the olive-backed thrushes he heard calling as they passed overhead in a single night. The count was well over a thousand. Yet the following day, there were almost no olive-backed thrushes in evidence in his area.

During my night above the city, only a minute fraction of the birds flying over came close enough to be noticed. There were, from time to time, faint twitterings, little chinks and cheeps, too indistinct to recognize. Several times a velvety rustle passed quite close as some silent migrant flitted by. At 3 A.M., the sky was filled with thin, bright cries, suggesting birds of the sea meadow and the shore.

At 4 A.M., I realized this was night—even for New York. Only the taxis never sleep. I looked up at the stars. Orion had moved to the western side of the tower; the clustered Pliades were nearing the horizon. To the south, above the Battery, a single star fell, tracing a fine blue-white line on the sky.

After a time of inactivity, small waves of migrants again began to beat around my lookout. Warblers, with little lisping calls, flitted by, hidden in the night. Calls that I recognized as those of killdeer came from the west of the tower. From time to time, there were warbling chirps and little pipings. Unseen,

unheard and unknown, how many thousands of wings were moving through the darkness of these hours before dawn!

Once, when the wail of a radio patrol crew grew smaller as it raced uptown on Broadway, I turned to catch a momentary glimpse of half a dozen small bodies passing swiftly across the dull shine of the Hudson. They were migrants flying in silence. And they were the last I saw or heard that night. For the time of darkness was now running swiftly to its end.

Even before 5 o'clock, a long lagoon of lighter blue was brightening amid the shoals of clouds above the eastern horizon. The stars paled. A new day was being born, with a thousand subtle shades of red and blue and yellow, in a Technicolor show that Broadway never sees.

Flying time for the night migrants

was over. A dozen miles away, fifty or a hundred miles away, beyond the Hudson, far down the coast, they were alighting to feed and rest. As I dropped downward in the swoop of the elevator, I thought of all those weary travelers dropping down to rest—descending into thickets where they would lock themselves to branches and soon be lost in slumber; splashing into the water of lakes and swamps to float and feed and doze; alighting on long clean stretches of ocean beach where waves would bring them food.

Even as I walked along a deserted street toward the railroad station where I would get a train for home, birds that had passed me in the dark were, according to their kind and the manner of life they led, leaving the air for land and water. For them and for me, our night above the city was over.



Improving on the Dictionary

An'gel—In Heaven, nobody in particular.

—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Ban'quet—A 50-cent dinner served in sufficient number to enable a caterer to charge \$2 for it.

Big'a-mist—Person who took one too many.

Eight ball—An object that is seldom behind you.

—DAVE J. TETER

Hu-mil'i-a'tion—An emotion caused by suddenly shrinking to our normal proportions.

In'tu-i'tion—Suspicion in skirts.

—VAUGHN MONROE

Pro-fes'sor—Textbook, wired for sound.

Swing—The sort of music in which the drums carry the melody.

—LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI

Wom'an—A person who can hurry through a drugstore aisle 18 inches wide without brushing against the piled-up tinware and then drive home and still knock off one of the doors of a 12-foot garage.

Try for a Touchdown



With the football season in full swing, people are sounding off with "three cheers for the team." Take "time out" this Saturday at kickoff time, and see how many of the following teams you can identify from their gridiron nicknames.

One school in each group hails its team by one of the suggested titles. But which one? Count 5 points for each correct answer. A score of 50 gets you in the game, 80 or more rates you a touchdown. (Answers on page 152.)

1. TROJANS

- a. Baylor
- b. Southern Calif.
- c. Muhlenberg

7. TAR HEELS

- a. North Carolina
- b. Miami
- c. Bethany

13. BUCKEYES

- a. Kansas State
- b. Stanford
- c. Ohio State

2. TIGERS

- a. Princeton
- b. Navy
- c. Great Lakes

8. LONGHORNS

- a. Texas Tech
- b. Univ. of Texas
- c. College of Mines

14. CRIMSON

- a. Army
- b. Clemson
- c. Harvard

3. JAYHAWKS

- a. S. Methodist
- b. Kansas
- c. Wash. & Jefferson

9. PANTHERS

- a. Chicago
- b. Pittsburgh
- c. De Pauw

15. BLUE DEVILS

- a. Duke
- b. Coast Guard
- c. Mississippi

4. GREEN WAVE

- a. Tulane
- b. Sampson
- c. Rice

10. BADGERS

- a. Yale
- b. Wake Forest
- c. Wisconsin

16. FIGHTING IRISH

- a. Hamilton
- b. Notre Dame
- c. John Carroll

5. WOLVERINES

- a. Fordham
- b. Buffalo
- c. Michigan

11. BRUINS

- a. U. C. L. A.
- b. Drexel
- c. Williams

17. MOUNTAINEERS

- a. West Virginia
- b. Idaho
- c. Creighton

6. SOONERS

- a. Loyola
- b. Wesleyan
- c. Oklahoma

12. BOILERMAKERS

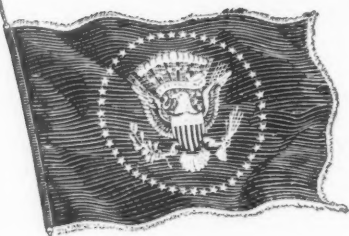
- a. Louisiana State
- b. Missouri
- c. Purdue

18. WILDCATS

- a. Oklahoma A&M
- b. Northwestern
- c. Amherst

by EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

WORLD'S BIGGEST JOB-



The Presidency

The Chief Executive of the U. S. has a man-killing assignment; it's time we did something to relieve his burden of work

BEING PRESIDENT OF the United States today is virtually a death sentence. Two of our last six Presidents have died in office. A third was stricken while in office and never recovered. Even those who survive their terms have their lives shortened below the average span.

If we don't do something about it, being President is soon going to be as dangerous as being a test pilot, a trapeze artist or a "double spy" in wartime.

Can we enact measures to give our Chief Magistrates a better break? We can indeed. But in order to start, we must understand that the Presidency of the United States has become the world's most burdensome job.

Our President is four things at

once. He is chief of a great state. He is chief executive of an immensely complicated administration. He is national bellwether of a truly democratic nation whose citizens play an increasing role in public affairs. Lastly, he is titular head of the political party in office.

Presidents today stagger along (and some fall dead) under the intolerable burden of these four simultaneous jobs, any one of which would be a full-time assignment for the normal man.

And as if holding four jobs were not enough, there is an added complication. In America, the Administration is only *part* of a government whose powers are divided between executive, legislative and judicial branches. It is true that such division of powers makes for the preservation of freedom, but at the same time it creates all kinds of working complications that are not

present in more-united regimes.

Hasn't this always been so? Theoretically. Yet how the complications have increased since the beginning of our Republic!

In the good old days, the White House was a cozy place. The President and his wife had plenty of time to chat with any citizen who dropped in to say hello.

John Quincy Adams liked "to repose in torpid inaction for two hours every day." Benjamin Harrison rarely worked at all after lunch time. Theodore Roosevelt, advocate of the "strenuous life," took two hours off every day for exercise. Until World War I, even Woodrow Wilson spent his afternoons quietly with his family.

Those were the days—and they are gone. Franklin Roosevelt was happy to steal half an hour for a quiet swim in the White House pool. Harry Truman takes a brisk morning walk with Secret Service men panting along behind him. Both found themselves as loaded with "homework" as a fourth-year medical student cramming for his finals.

Today, the White House is the national workhouse. As chief of state, the President is the Star-Spangled Banner, the Statue of Liberty and the Public Greeter all in one. He shakes hands with so many citizens that his hand sometimes becomes half-paralyzed; he launches worthy public crusades with neat speeches; he lays cornerstones; he receives the diplomatic corps and Congress at social functions; he officiates at banquets and plays host to traveling notables.

The average citizen is appalled by the President's daily calling list. From 10 until 4, every quarter-

hour is filled. Real work is done before and after those hours. Yet the public list does not tell the whole story. Most people are unaware that the White House has five separate entrances and that many of the President's visitors enter unnoticed "between appointments."

Being chief of state, however, is not the chief job. As head of the Administration, the President makes the policy that keeps the Republic going. Making policy involves endless consultations with Cabinet members and various advisers. Written material is sifted for the Boss' attention by a devoted staff. But the amount demanding his personal attention is formidable.

The President must know what is going on in 55 different Federal departments, agencies, boards and commissions. He must pass on all major appointments to office. He must pay attention to Executive Orders, read the new bills, and sign or veto them.

Among chief executives in democracies, only our President has to submit to Congressional inspection, criticism and (sometimes) interference all the way through the Administration. A large part of the President's precious time is given to straightening out difficulties with Congress or between branches of the Administration that carry their problems to Congress.

When an election approaches, the President must plan how to keep his party in office. He must lead yet not offend state chairmen. He must decide between alternate plans of campaign. In other words, the President must look after his party's interests without compromising the interests of the United States—and

that is not at all an easy job.

Next, as bellwether of a great democratic flock, the President has the unique job of informing the people and of keeping himself informed of their thoughts and wishes. Few citizens are aware to what an extent ours has become a regime of public opinion. The fact is, without public understanding and support no piece of American policy can be adopted or, if it is adopted, be made to stick. Prohibition was a sample.

More often the President leads. Sometimes—as in the recognition of the State of Israel—he follows. Leading and following public opinion is a Presidential task without which the U.S. could not function.

Several efforts have been made to keep the White House up with the times and tasks. In 1939, Roosevelt established the Executive Office of the President, a single administrative unit through which he could control the agencies most necessary to his work. Three Presidential secretaries—for appointments, for press and radio relations, for correspondence—take some of the load off Truman. But the greatest aid is the powerful Bureau of the Budget.

Here sits a corps of nearly 400 top statisticians, economists and administrative experts. They can stick their heads into all government offices and their noses into all current business. They make suggestions for changes of organization and administrative setup. More important, they examine the financial estimates submitted by all departments, make such changes as they deem wise and submit the result to the President.

Finally, the Employment Act of 1946 created the Council of Eco-

nomic Advisers, with a three-member board. Its primary job is to help the President prepare the annual economic report to Congress which the Employment Act requires. But the Council also screens hundreds of projects and generally acts as a White House sieve.

Nevertheless, the President's average day is a killer. It really begins in the evening after dinner when he starts preparing "homework" for the next day's grind. In bed, the Chief Executive reads reports and urgent papers, and considers suggestions. Next morning he must scan the newspapers, meet his aides and consider their reports—all before 10 A.M. For at that hour, the endless stream of visitors begins to pass through the executive offices.

VARIOUS SUGGESTIONS have been made for easing the White House load. Last spring, Secretary of Defense Forrestal called for better people in government jobs. Businessmen, he said, must learn that government is not business. The rewards are not dividends but personal satisfaction.

What the President needs, said Forrestal, is a "front office" where the various operating departments can be brought together into a single team. Differences between executives, which are today often fought out in public by columnists, should be ironed out in advance by a Cabinet secretariat.

Maybe so. But it is not, in my opinion, what the country needs if Presidents are to survive and keep healthy enough to do a good job. In my judgment, the President today is like a star college athlete who is asked to play simultaneously on

the football, baseball and track teams. No matter how tough he is, he will break under the strain. The only solution is for him to give up one or two of the games and concentrate on the rest.

How would we apply this to the President and his four present jobs? There is no equivalent of our Presidency in any other democracy. In Britain the greeter is the King, who reigns but does not govern. He lays cornerstones, represents the nation at solemn functions, and receives a goodly section of citizens.

In France, the President has a not-dissimilar job. In the Soviet Union, while Stalin and the Politbureau ran the country, Michael Kalinin, a mild-mannered non-entity, was called President and acted as public greeter.

Or take the function of national bellwether. In other countries, that function is performed by a Department of Information which speaks for the government: Only rarely do newsmen ever see the British Prime Minister, the French Prime Minister or Premier Stalin, and then off the record "for background only."

Finally, why should not the job of party head be unloaded on the present fifth wheel in the Administration—the Vice-President? Today that gentleman is nothing but a gavel and a hope! As a gavel he presides over the Senate; as a hope he has nothing to do but wait for the President to succumb to exhaustion or be killed by an assassin.

Here is my prescription for keeping the President from physical breakdown and premature death:

1. Create a Department of Public Information to take over govern-

mental public relations, beginning with the White House. If the President wanted to meet reporters once a month, that would be all right. If the other departments wanted to maintain small information offices, that would be all right too. But by all means divorce the Presidency from the almost-daily task of having to measure out information and guide public opinion. This should save the President at least half an hour daily.

2. By Constitutional amendment, place the Vice-President at the orders of the President, let him continue to preside over the Senate and act as control man between the White House and Congress. Make him the official head of the majority party, with authority to appoint citizens to public office.

3. By the same amendment, create a Second Vice-President to act as public figurehead and greeter. Among other things, as figurehead he would sign officers' commissions, promotions and retirements. He would be responsible for issuing such important documents as fishing regulations in government-owned waters, granting pardons from Federal prisons, confirming courts-martial. He would represent Uncle Sam at foreign functions, and receive the diplomatic corps for everything but business purposes.

As greeter, he would officiate at banquets and rallies, lay cornerstones, dedicate bridges and receive delegations.

4. Giving the present Vice-President a real job and creating a Second Vice-President would take an

immense load off the President's shoulders. But since we are amending the Constitution, I submit that we should create a Third Vice-President (many a corporation smaller than the American government has half a dozen).

This Third Vice-President would be the "missing link" in the Administration—the successor or heir apparent. He would act as the President's first assistant, with no powers save those the President chose to delegate to him, but he would be fully informed and ready to take over instantly in case of the President's illness or death.

These three Vice-Presidents should be nominated at the conventions with the President.

It might take the American people some time to get used to these reforms. Newsmen would yowl at being deprived of gathering in the august presence. Many citizens might at first feel aggrieved at losing direct contact with the source of power. But it is preposterous that a

Chief Executive struggling with the problems of a war, a major depression or atomic energy should have to take time off from vitally important matters to entertain the Ladies of the Deep South or receive a deputation of supporters from the Chicago stockyards.

I am not so sure how the people would like the idea of a Vice-President acting as the "shadow" of the living President, ready to succeed him. But when one thinks of the present lack of any sensible line of succession to the Presidency, this would seem to be the best solution.

In any case, let us be sure of one thing: the office of the Presidency of the United States has become too heavy for any human being to fill fully—and not crack under the strain. Sooner or later, it is going to be reformed. So why not start studying this all-important question right now, not only to safeguard the well-being of our Presidents but also to protect the interests of the nation as a whole?



What's in a Name?

THE BOBBY-SOXERS are calling the singing cowboys of the cinema "Saddlesore Sinatras."

• • •

"PSSST" WAS THE CODE name that rubber engineers for an Akron concern used when referring to secret research work on a new puncture-sealing tubeless tire.

—HAROLD HELFER

IN RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN, Raymond Frank Dziewiantkowski requested permission to change his name. He wanted it changed to Harry Frank Dziewiantkowski.

• • •

IN NEW YORK, the editorial offices of the publication, *My Baby*, are above the Stork Club.

—STANLEY G. GRAYOVSKI

Masterminds of the War on Hunger

by HUBERT A. KENNY

APPLES ON THE TREES when the snow flies, pineapples that ripen in succession instead of all at one time, oranges picked green yet golden in color—these and many other plant wonders are the result of a \$10,000,000 philanthropy of the 1920s, the Boyce Thompson Institute for Plant Research in Yonkers, New York.

In the 27 years since it was founded, the plant magicians on the Hudson have saved the American farmer and consumer billions of dollars. Leaves that sprout roots, tomatoes and fruits that ripen two to four weeks earlier than normal, potatoes that won't sprout and spoil in storage, potatoes that can be forced to sprout immediately after harvesting—these are oddities that were brought about because one American, looking at starving Russia in 1917, thought: "This *could* be the United States. Today, our 100,000,000 are well fed. But who knows how we are going to feed double that number?"

Col. William Boyce Thompson

started to do something about it. Not a farmer or botanist, the Colonel wasn't even a good amateur gardener. He was a mining engineer and promoter, amazingly successful at the art of making money. But when he went to hungry Russia during World War I, one fact bored into

his consciousness: plants are the ultimate source of man's food, nearly all his clothing and much of his shelter.

This was an era when wealthy men were devoting millions to foundations and public

trusts. Like them, Thompson at 50 was also looking around for a good way to employ his wealth. But he scorned "uplift" projects: his rough-and-tumble experiences had given him a different slant on the needs of the world.

Born in Virginia City, Montana, he spent his early life in wild frontier towns like Butte—then just a huge mining camp "on the richest hill in the world." With that hard-earned background and the specter of Russia's starvation before his eyes, Thompson said: "I'll work



To insure man against famine, scientists in the Boyce Thompson laboratories are changing the habits of the plant world

out some institution to deal with plants—to help protect the basic needs of the 200,000,000 people we'll have in America pretty soon."

But after establishing the Farm and Research Corporation in 1919, he found that he needed more than an idea: he needed a working plan. So he appealed to various botanical experts. "What would you do with ten million dollars?" he asked.

From John M. Coulter, professor of botany at the University of Chicago, Thompson finally got both the plan and the director he wanted—Dr. William Crocker, one of Coulter's associates. Crocker and his assistant, John M. Arthur, started the Institute's planning in 1921 and have headed it ever since.

The complex laboratories in Yonkers were built by the J. G. White Engineering Corporation, one of the largest construction outfits in the world. In the midst of building, Thompson summoned White himself to the scene and said bluntly:

"White, you come here and it is perfectly obvious that you don't know whether this building is to be two stories or ten. Now my doctor says I've got to go to Egypt and ride a camel. I don't want to go, and I don't like camels, but while I'm gone, I want you to supervise this job *in person*!"

Later on, when the Colonel was confined to a wheel chair, he was pleased that he had built the Institute across from his home where he could tour the building each day and watch the scientists at work. But many of the major developments of the Institute have taken place since the Colonel's death in 1930. Each one bears out Thompson's idea: "... by helping men to

study plants, I may be able to contribute something to the future of mankind."

With that, the apple growers will certainly agree. For apples, bruised when they drop off the tree, spoil so rapidly that orchardists have been known to lose three-quarters of their crop. Soon, the grower can use a simple spray which will assure that his fruit will hang solidly even if he can't get around to picking until snow is on the ground.

Another spray developed by Thompson scientists prevents apple trees from blooming until all frost danger is past, increasing yields tremendously in years of cold spring seasons. "And," says Dr. Crocker, "just in case you think of apples in terms of the Depression-born apple stand, let me point out that farmers sold their apple crop in 1946 for more than \$400,000,000."

Peach trees require a cold winter if they are to yield a peak harvest the following summer. But instead of refrigerating orchards in Georgia, the Thompson scientists are working in their Yonkers greenhouses to perfect a chemical substitute for winter: a spray to be used on the trees after a warm winter so that they will bear a full crop. They predict field tests will uncover methods for full-scale application, so that it may become possible to grow peaches even in the tropics!

"A RICH, EVEN, golden-brown, uniformly crisp and delicious." This may sound like advertising copy, but it's an exact description of what the Thompson scientists were seeking when potato-chip makers brought a problem to them. Why did one batch of chips turn

out golden while another charred and burned? The solution proved important not only to the chip manufacturers but to the growers, wholesalers and retailers of raw potatoes as well.

The Institute discovered that if potatoes were stored at a temperature low enough to prevent sprouting, they developed a sugar content that would brown and char when the potatoes were fried. On the other hand, if the temperature was too high, the potatoes would sprout, lose much of their natural moisture, and go soft. To steer between these rocks, Dr. F. E. Denny found a storage chemical that did the trick. The "rich, even, golden-brown" chips you buy in your grocery store are the result.

Long before the chip manufacturers presented Denny with their problem, Bermuda potato growers came up with an opposite query. They weren't concerned with storage, but wanted to make Maine potatoes sprout immediately after being dug, since they needed good virus-free seedlings to plant late in the fall for an early winter harvest.

Left to nature's own devices, Maine potatoes insisted on sleeping nine to twelve weeks before sprouting—and that was too late for the Bermuda schedule. Dr. Denny found two "bud-forcing" chemicals that not only solved the Bermuda problem but worked wonders on other plants as well.

According to popular belief, a ripe orange must be orange in color. Dr. Crocker disagrees. An orange can look as green as spring clover, he says, yet be thoroughly ripe both to taste and test tube. But because an orange must be *orange* to

be salable, citrus growers can give much of their thanks to the Institute for that whiff of gas that gives their green-colored fruit the orange blush that buyers demand.

Prodded and goaded, plants have given up hundreds of secrets to the Thompson scientists. In fact, they have even played detective for Dr. Crocker. Many years ago, when he was a plant physiologist at the University of Chicago, a greenhouse keeper was baffled by carnations that refused to stay awake. After weeks of investigation, Crocker found that a leaky gas main was the answer. But which gas? The fuel piped to your kitchen is usually a mixture of several gases.

Further search led Crocker to the right one—a gas that is common in the smoke of burning paper and is even produced by apples as they ripen: ethylene. Today, ethylene and another gas, acetylene, are regularly used to hasten the ripening of various fruits, to shuck English walnuts and cure tobacco, and to assure that fruits will form or "set" after blossoms have fallen from the boughs. They are used, too, to anesthetize berry bushes, roses and other nursery stocks early in the fall for winter storage, thus spreading the season's work.

WHEN DR. CROCKER TALKS about seeds to a nonprofessional, he explains: "I don't mean just the seed you buy in brightly colored packets, but the millions of tons of seed that constitute 75 per cent of man's food when you measure it on a dry-weight basis—eliminating the water, of course. The best methods of storing, of keeping seeds alive and vigorous for years, are of vast

importance to the entire world."

Why keep seed alive for years? Dr. Crocker smiles at the question. "A good illustration," he says, "concerns the growers of the tree that gives us our indispensable quinine—the cinchona tree."

American drug manufacturers wanted better and more reliable trees, Crocker explains. Collecting seeds from many parts of the world, they were planning to plant hybrids, storing samples of each until they determined which strain was best. But what good would it do if, after four to ten years spent in growing the trees, the seed of the prize sample had died in storage?

Crocker's scientists found the answer: dry the seed to a certain point, then store it at 41 degrees Fahrenheit—just above freezing.

A similar problem arose when the kraft-paper industry asked about Southern pine, source of raw material for corrugated paper and boxes. To maintain a regular supply, the papermakers plant pine seedlings every year and log the trees years later, when they have grown to maturity.

But since a Southern-pine seed crop is very unpredictable, the old methods of storage killed much of it by the time the papermakers were ready to plant. Shortages, high prices for seed and irregular planting were the result—until the Institute scientists found that frozen storage would keep the seed in perfect condition indefinitely.

Sprays, gases and temperature, however, are not the only magic wands used by the Thompson experts. One of the Institute greenhouses hits a new high in radical design, its only glass consisting of a

single tier facing south, and so arranged on a steep slant that the sun's rays pass through exactly at right angles in October and again in February, thus securing the greatest possible amount of light when the sun's rays are lowest.

Step into this greenhouse through the insulated door and the sound of cackling hens suddenly strikes your ear. Dr. John Arthur smiles at your questioning glance.

"Animals inhale oxygen, exhale carbon dioxide," he says. "Plants do just the opposite—assimilate carbon dioxide and release oxygen. It's a good trade, so we put the chickens next door and pipe the air in here. We feed the chickens and they feed the plants—and if you give plants all the carbon dioxide they can use, they'll grow about twice as much, measured by dry weight, as a plant grown in ordinary atmosphere."

When the temperature drops in the greenhouse, a battery of 500-watt lights is turned on, since many plants will flourish on 24 hours of light a day. To prove it, Dr. Arthur kept laboratory geraniums on a 24-hour artificial-light diet for more than two years. They grew four feet high and bloomed throughout the entire period.

Tomato plants, however, will yellow and grow sickly if given more than 17 hours of light a day. Dr. Arthur has not yet found out just why. But he can quickly tell you why florists have thousands of chrysanthemums ready in time for the season's biggest football game. He can even make them bloom in February or June, if you insist, by using just the right amount of proper light.

With all the tools at their com-

mand, the Boyce Thompson scientists have upset plant timing again and again. Some plants naturally go through a cycle from seed to flower in a minimum of twelve months. The Institute has laid on the whip and put these plants through their paces in 45 days.

Do you want your garden tomatoes to be solid, firm and seedless? Just treat them with the seedless fruit hormone developed by the Institute. Available at your seed store, it will work for cucumbers, peppers and squash as well. One commercial greenhouse operator in the Midwest now uses the hormone to grow seedless winter tomatoes that compete successfully with imports from Mexico and Cuba.

Or perhaps you want to root some cuttings of your favorite orna-

mental shrub—a job that has always been viewed as one for experts. With the rooting solution developed by the Thompson scientists and produced by a well-known chemical firm, even the toughest cuttings will root in a fraction of the time usually required.

In their laboratories, air-conditioned to duplicate the worst conditions of the tropics or the arctic, the Institute researchers achieve results that would have amazed Colonel Thompson, had he lived to see them. And long after America has passed the 200,000,000-population mark that he foresaw, his endowment will go on helping to feed, clothe and shelter mankind all over the world. In this sense, perhaps, the Institute is an “uplift foundation” after all.



Philosophy Footnotes

Mankind was never so happily inspired as when it made a cathedral.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Good, better, best; never let it rest, till your good is better, and your better best.

—Anon

He who has conferred a kindness should be silent, he who has received one should speak of it.

—Seneca

Count your assets. If you have a clear conscience and a good liver, if you have three good friends and a happy home, if your heart has kept its youth and your soul its honesty—then you are one of life's millionaires.

—Sunshine

JUMPING DOCTOR of the Rockies

Amos Little, daring young medico,
really "drops in" on his patients

by PAUL FRIGGENS



CHANCES ARE THAT Dr. Amos Little, Jr., might reach you more quickly if you crashed in a plane somewhere along the Continental Divide than if you waited your turn to see him in his busy office at Helena, Montana. For this dauntless medico, only one of his kind, has adapted the Army's "paradoc-tor" techniques to private practice.

Regardless of where tragedy strikes in the Western mountains, he jumps to the scene when called. He landed at 11,000-foot altitude on the snowy crest of the Colorado Rockies to rescue survivors of an Army bomber crash. Every summer he risks his life under equally hazardous conditions when he parachutes into the national forests to bring medical aid to grimy fire fighters cut off from any other source of help. Afterward, the energetic doctor hikes for miles over tortuous trails to get back to the nearest Forest Service camp.

In all, Dr. Little has made more than 50 mercy jumps, never has been hurt, and says that his unique practice has just begun. The 31-year-old Montanan seems to think no more of dropping into a treetop on a professional call than he does of removing a pair of tonsils.

Little is a small, brown-eyed, 140-pound man, but when rigged up to jump he looks like a rocket man from Mars. He wears a two-piece canvas suit with a back pack and a second emergency chute, plus football helmet and a wire face mask. He jumps with heavy shoes, ankle braces, an abdominal belt and 100 feet of coiled rope to let himself down from a tall tree—just in case. In addition, he carries an 85-pound medical kit which he drops separately by smaller parachute. His aim is to land within 25 yards of his patient and usually he does, for he can maneuver a tricky parachute in a cross wind more

easily than most people negotiate parallel parking.

Not long ago he had to parachute to a narrow ledge of mountain rock, where an Idaho deer hunter lay critically wounded. Dr. Little landed on an emergency flight strip far back in the mountains and switched to a Forest Service trimotor, carrying a crew of the daring "smoke-jumpers" who drop down on a timber fire from the skies.

In a few minutes the big ship was circling a knifelike ledge and Dr. Little looked down on a devilish assignment. The hunter lay bleeding and unconscious on the rocky rim. Sheer cliffs dropped dizzily to a canyon hundreds of feet below. The only place to land was on higher ground beside the injured man.

Little studied the terrain, then tightened his belt and jumped. He dropped 2,000 feet and landed on the mountainside, only 15 yards from the hunter.

The man's arm had been virtually severed by a rifle bullet. Little administered drugs and plasma, bandaged the wound and signaled the trimotor for help. Now the "smoke-jumpers" peeled out to land unerringly at Little's side. Soon the husky forest crew was moving the injured hunter by stretcher over a rocky trail hardly wide enough for two litter bearers.

Somehow, Little and his crew managed to cover nine miles in six hours, stopping only to administer more drugs and plasma. At the remote landing strip the hunter was placed aboard the trimotor for a quick flight to Missoula. He would have died before help on foot could have reached him.

The war, which introduced "par-

adoctors," accidentally introduced Little to jumping. A native of Marlborough, Massachusetts, Little is a graduate of Vermont Academy, Dartmouth and Johns Hopkins. In 1943 he went into the Army and eventually was assigned to a Second Air Force engineer battalion at Spokane, Washington. Soon after, the Second Air Force organized the Search and Rescue Unit and the adventurous doctor signed up.

"It was not until later," he recalls, "that I discovered I was expected to parachute."

Little and his ten jumping companions made history, for they were the first doctors trained to parachute in line of duty. The Army put the hardy young men through two strenuous parachute courses—first at the Forest Service Jump School at Missoula, Montana, then at Fort Benning, Georgia. At Fort Benning, Little learned the Army way. At Missoula it was another kind of parachuting.

In 1941, the Forest Service had inaugurated its school to train the sensational "smoke-jumpers." Here, Little learned to parachute thousands of feet into mountainous terrain with the almost-certain prospect of hanging up in a tree or landing on a jagged rock. He came through with flying colors.

Next, he was assigned to rescue work in the western United States. The Army was cracking up a fearful number of planes in the Rockies. Little's job was to save as many lives as possible. Curiously enough, his first rescue jump in June, 1944, still ranks as his greatest.

He was stationed at Casper, Wyoming, when a B-17 with a crew of ten crashed on "Hell's Half-Acre"

in the Colorado Rockies. Immediately a ground party was dispatched from Denver while Little was ordered out from Casper at 4:30 A.M. by plane.

By 7:30, Little's ship was circling the treacherous country and the youthful captain was looking for the B-17 wreckage. He spotted the twisted hulk plastered against a mountain two miles high. Coolly, the doctor gave the signal to circle once more, dropped his precious medical kit and extra supplies, and then jumped from an altitude of 12,500 feet.

"For a few paralyzing seconds," says Little, "I thought I was a goner for sure."

As he came down, the wind suddenly swept his parachute against a tree. Little fell 30 feet when the treetop broke under his weight; it came hurtling after him, barely missing his head as he lay snarled in his chute in deep snow. Little cut himself free, then spent half an hour climbing up the icy slopes to the wrecked bomber.

Six of the ten-man crew had survived, while two had started out for help. Little dragged his medical kit through the snow and went to the aid of the remaining four. When the first ground rescuers arrived from Denver, the patients were fed, bandaged and resting under sedatives. Little had made the highest

parachute jump on record. Landing at 11,000 feet, he had made aviation history, and medical history besides.

The youthful paradoctor staged one daring jump after another for the Army in the Western mountains until the war ended. When he was discharged, decorated for "exceptionally meritorious conduct," he went into private parachute practice for himself.

When the Forest Service found out that Little was ready and willing to parachute anywhere that its daring "smoke-jumpers" went, the Missoula office made him official doctor for Region 1, which embraces 23,000,000 acres of the wildest timberland in the U. S. During the fire season, Little stands by in Helena, ready to jump to the aid of any injured fire fighter.

When he is not jumping, the indefatigable Little is busy with general practice and surgery in a Helena clinic. He welcomes parachuting "as a change from office routine." Occasionally he finds time to ski, a sport at which he holds several records. But Little wouldn't trade parachuting for a ski jump, since with the 'chute you can pick out a softer spot to light—say the top of an evergreen tree.

"It's the most comfortable sensation you can imagine," says the intrepid doctor. "Just like landing in a feather bed."

Playing Safe



"DEAR TEACHER," WROTE an indignant mother, "you must not whack my Tommy. He is a delicate child and isn't used to it. We never hit him at home except in self-defense."

—Nuggets



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America from the Air



AMERICA is a land of superlatives. Sprawled over 3,000,000 square miles, encompassing fertile farmland and vast concentrations of mortar and steel, it is a fabulous and fantastic dream-come-true. It is a land whose freedom is symbolized by the Goddess of Liberty at the nation's front door, a land studded with miracles to rival the seven wonders of the ancient world. With the co-operation of the Army Air Forces, Coronet presents this America in the most spectacular aerial photographs ever assembled.



Along America's 13,000-mile coastline, an endless stream of ships steers courses marked by 3,000 beacons. Once Bar-

negat Light shone with the rest. Now abandoned, it stares blindly over the Atlantic, first route to America.



In America, growth is a blossoming, booming miracle. Only 28 years ago, Miami, Fla., was a placid town of

30,000. Now it is a pastel toyland for 2,000,000 sun-seekers a year, a token of the potential of Anytown, U.S.A.

OCTOBER, 1948

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The wilderness has been subdued. The timberlands and prairie that once covered the land have become magnificent

cities and rolling acres of bountiful farmland. Yet even today, by-passed by the sweep of civilization, there re-



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main bits of the virgin splendor that
was once America. A lake, cradled
high in the White Mountains of New

Hampshire, is a splash of cool color
in a mountain forest, untouched by
the high-powered age in which we live.

OCTOBER, 1948

55



From the northeastern coast of the United States, one can sometimes see the misty peak of a great mountain 75

miles inland. This is Mt. Washington, arching up to the sky above storied countryside. This is the land of early



ington, of Puritans and the Declaration of Independence, of Revolutionary leaders—Paul Revere, John Han-

cock, the Adamses. This is a land of fierce individualism, the wellspring of our liberty. This is New England.

OCTOBER, 1948

57



The financial history of New York City began in 1626 when the enterprising Dutch paid \$24 for the 22 square

miles called Manhattan Island. The wall they built near the waterfront has been replaced by a crooked canyon—



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Wall Street—world-famous symbol of high finance, market place where staggering sums change hands daily.

This is the financial heart of America, pumping lifeblood into new business, new industry, new growth.

OCTOBER, 1948

59



A new giant is rising on the Pacific. From Seattle to San Diego the entire west coast is alive with new stirrings of

industry and commerce. At San Francisco, the 6,450-foot span of the Golden Gate Bridge is a teeming exit



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from which 3,700 ships a year sail out over the world with oranges, airplanes, steel and petroleum—all products of

the American west. Here is the nation's restless younger son, straining to rival the older titans of the east.

OCTOBER, 1948



From the birth of the machine, hungry dynamos have cried for power. The need has been met by coal and oil and

by the endless cataracts, like Niagara, whose plunging energy has been harnessed to drive American industry.



Winding 2,470 miles through the nation's heartland, the Mississippi is an American legend. Its branches are a

network of torrents and rivulets, the highways of commerce and fountains of fertility on which America was built.



Nature's majesty is on the face of America. It has given us the Painted Desert, the High Sierras, and a 217-mile

gash called Grand Canyon. Here the mighty Colorado races along the Canyon, a mile from the lips of the gorge.



America is fabulously endowed by nature. From the bowels of the earth have come coal, iron, silver, oil, gold,

and from the open pit mines of the Rockies (*above*), copper—for all the infinite needs of industrial America.

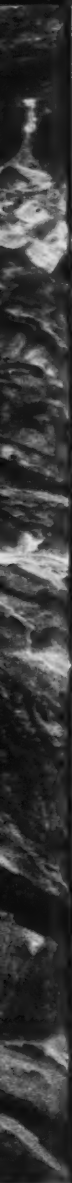
OCTOBER, 1948

65



But the earth's bounty is not inexhaustible. Each generation must raise new guardians of America's heritage.

In our time, vast projects, like Hoover Dam, arose—to perpetuate the American Dream: a better tomorrow.



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by JEAN VAN EVERA

As JANICE WALKED out of the employment agency in Philadelphia, she sighed a little sigh. The brush-off again.

For a moment she wistfully remembered the war years when any girl could get a job. Now she was hunting for a top-notch position where she might stay for years. But she wasn't getting anywhere; it looked as though she would find nothing better than a spot in a stenographic pool. It must be General Conditions, she told herself.

Yet actually there was little unemployment in Philadelphia. Good secretaries were in demand. The frustrated young woman didn't realize that it was her nervous giggle and her shrill singsong voice which made employment agencies afraid to send her out on their prize jobs.

Often it is small things, not large,

Watch Your Mannerisms!



Some annoying little habit that you are not even aware of may be a serious handicap to you socially and professionally

which handicap men and women professionally, business-wise and socially. These are "the little foxes" which spoil the art-of-living "vines" of personality, and prevent the achievement of desired goals. Besides giggling and whining, other "little foxes" include ear-pulling, hair-jerking, face-scratching, nail-chewing, sniffing and twitching.

Some of the "little foxes," such as twitching and sniffing, occasionally are the result of physical afflictions. These may require medical diagnosis and treatment. But far more often they are mannerisms which have been indulged unconsciously over a period of years and which can easily be cured with care and attention.

The common expression for the

distracting, boring and annoying habits of others is that "they drive you crazy." But what about you yourself? Do you exhibit mannerisms that rub other people the wrong way? Perhaps your family and old friends are accustomed to your little peculiarities, but what about casual acquaintances and associates?

To get the answers to these questions, let us turn first to Marjorie Binford Woods of Washington, D. C., a charming woman of wide social and professional experience. Mrs. Woods is a former society writer for the *Washington Post*, a bridal consultant who has advised on some 7,000 weddings, and author of the book, *Your Wedding: How to Plan and Enjoy It*. She has known many people who have "made the grade," while others, perhaps potentially more attractive, have failed to achieve success because of those pesky "little foxes."

"Look around at the people you know and make a list of their mannerisms," says Mrs. Woods.

There are of course the scratchers, tappers, stocking-straighteners, nose-tweakers, eyebrow-pullers, ear-pinchers, toe-twisters, tie-fixers and head-tossers. These might all come under one heading. Then there are other habits.

Joe never looks you in the eye when he talks but lets his gaze wander all over the room. Martha and Dave indulge in careless smoking habits. You never know whether ashes are going to land on your lap or on your best Oriental rug.

Charley, with whom you work, is too casual about coughing and nose-blowing. Three men and two women among your acquaintances are vaguely annoying because they

never talk without pawing you. You wish they wouldn't lay a hand on your shoulder or arm whenever they wish to make a point.

That monotonous squeaking voice of Hazel's or the babyish overtones of Kay—you shrink from them. When George tells a story, he embellishes it with so many superlatives that you are exhausted by the time he has finished.

Marie is an apologizer. After she has said something that she fears you will regard as a slight, she tells you in ten different ways that really she didn't mean to cast aspersions on your religion, your politics, your in-laws or your profession. Even when Marie's house is in perfect order, she is an anxious hostess. She jumps up and down emptying ash trays, bringing you more ice, raising shades or adjusting sofa pillows.

ONCE YOU HAVE GONE OVER your associates, friends and acquaintances and drawn up that list, Mrs. Woods suggests that you check it against your own mannerisms. If you've wondered why you don't seem to get anywhere, why it's always the next person who is promoted, you may find the reason in your list of personal habits. It wasn't an ungrateful office tyrant or unappreciative friends who were holding you back. It was just plain *you*.

Occasionally, your attention may be called to your mannerisms by a close friend who feels it his bounden duty to do so. If this happens, don't react by finding fault with your critic. Soberly examine your weaknesses and figure out the best ways of overcoming them. After all, yours may not be a special problem.

Everybody at one time or an-

other has had something to grapple with, something to overcome. Suppose there is what the psychologists call a "feeling of insecurity." You are not alone. The person who has never felt uncertain, unsure of himself, is as rare as a unicorn. Actually, this merely means that you are growing up and that there is glowing hope for enlarging and enriching your life.

At Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois, one group of students is receiving powerful help in chasing off the "little foxes." The School of Education, where many future teachers are enrolled, offers a course called "Introduction to Personal and Professional Development." Under the supervision of Dr. Karl F. Robinson, the course has been so successful that many students besides future teachers clamor for admission.

For a period of many years, dating back to his own student days, Dr. Robinson observed that distracting personal and speech mannerisms hindered a teacher in imparting knowledge to her classes. So, about two years ago, he and his colleagues designed a new course which is now helping would-be pedagogues to become more attractive and effective.

"You might say we emphasize the personal appeal," Dr. Robinson explains. "In all phases of living, we realize more and more that each factor in a person has a direct bearing on the kind of job he does."

In the Robinson course, students are graded on several points: poise and emotional adjustment; subject ideas and information; speaking organization; use of voice, articulation and pronunciation; control of

bodily activity; language and grammatical usage; and audience contact, which in plain language means how the person looks as well as listens. In addition to all these, the total effect of the presentation on the listener is graded.

There are 56 pupils in each class, and all take part in helping each other iron out rough spots. For example, there is Gloria, one of the giggling girls. Gloria giggled between every utterance she made, and rocked back and forth on one foot. The class was sympathetic but detached in discussing Gloria's drawbacks, and she was equally detached as she listened. Finally she learned to control her giggles and achieve real poise.

Get any group of men and women together and start them reminiscing about their school days, and invariably it will be peculiar mannerisms which are first recalled. If a teacher was known then as a head-scratcher, it is as a head-scratcher that she will be remembered, not for the noble precepts she may have taught.

The appearance of each student in Dr. Robinson's class comes under close scrutiny. There is no attempt to suggest new hair-dos, creams or beautifiers. Nor are exercises prescribed. However, each young woman learns that good grooming is essential. The adult who believes that youngsters don't notice smeared lipstick, slips that show or spots on the clothes hasn't been around children much.

The voice of a teacher is also extremely important. Therefore, at Northwestern, the monotonous whines and the voices that drone on without expression are made more alive and interesting. Conversation-

al pitfalls are likewise detected. Virginia used to throw in "See?" after each comma, while Mildred worked "incidentally" overtime. Both girls were cured of the habit by the time their course was completed.

Dr. Robinson sees no reason why a teacher's language should be stereotyped and stuffy. "The old-time objection to slang is as outdated as the mustache cup," he says. "The bigger, the more sparkling, the more vivid a teacher's vocabulary, the better."

THE LESSONS LEARNED by Dr. Robinson's students are applicable to almost every individual except a hermit. While it would be happy to report that human beings are judged only by their integrity, courage, kindness, intelligence and morals, things don't work out that way in everyday life.

For example, the sorority-fraternity system in our colleges receives a periodic going over from critics who label it a snobbish and un-American institution. Yet the system remains, and so does the fact that otherwise perfectly acceptable boys and girls do not receive bids

because something they do or say, and the way they do or say it, is annoying to their prospective future brothers and sisters.

"She's all right, but didn't you notice the way she kept lacing her fingers?" asked one sorority girl when a bid to a rushee was being discussed. "When she wasn't doing one thing with her hands, it was something else. Tapping her fingernails or scratching or leaping up to straighten her stocking seams."

Unfortunately, these "little foxes" can pursue any of us, young or old, in almost every phase of daily life. So if you have a truly wise and dependable friend whose judgment you respect, why not ask him or her to check on your own mannerisms? Perhaps you don't have any of the objectionable kind. But then again, perhaps you do.

Whatever the criticism, honest words from a friend can be of immeasurable benefit. By correcting the kinds of unconscious traits and affectations that "drive people crazy," you can develop a new poise, a new self-confidence, and a new opportunity to get the most out of your social and business life.



The Changing Times

A RETIRED INDUSTRIAL tycoon, talking to his listless grandson, said, "Why don't you go out and look for a job? Why, when I was your age, I was working for \$3 a

week. At the end of five years, I owned the store."

"You can't do that now," was the lackadaisical reply. "They have cash registers."

—OLGA J. FERT in the *Louisville Courier-Journal*

Beware the Black Cat



Halloween calls for black cats and witchcraft—even in a quiz. Here we provide the BLACK CATS—ten of them—and you can provide the craft, witchingly or otherwise. Simply fill in the missing letters of each of the words below according to the definitions, and take 5 points for each right answer. (Answers on page 152.)



1. a. A kind of dance.
b. A ridiculous portrait.

BLACK _____
_____ CAT _____



2. a. Extortion by intimidation.
b. A teacher.

BLACK _____
_____ CAT _____



3. a. An African Negro.
b. A food shop.

BLACK _____
_____ CAT _____



4. a. A scoundrel.
b. Chew.

BLACK _____
_____ CAT _____



5. a. A worker in iron.
b. To recommend publicly.

BLACK _____
_____ CAT _____



6. a. A slate.
b. A kind of grape.

BLACK _____
_____ CAT _____



7. a. A weighted club.
b. Every note cut short.

BLACK _____
_____ CAT _____



8. a. An Indian tribe.
b. A weasel-like animal.

BLACK _____
_____ CAT _____



9. a. A famous English jurist.
b. Unhurt.

BLACK _____
_____ CAT _____



10. a. Shoe polish.
b. Appease.

BLACK _____
_____ CAT _____

At 40-plus

They Find New Jobs

by CURTIS J. HOXTER

A unique club tries to *lose* members by restoring them to the business world

40-plus A WALL STREET broker recently phoned the Forty Plus Club of New York and said that his income had dropped drastically during the past year. As a result, he was interested in joining the Forty Plus Club to seek "greener pastures."

"But," the broker added, "I don't want to give up my seat on the Stock Exchange."

He was politely told that the Forty Plus movement was no ordinary placement service; instead, it was a group of men over 40, banded together in a voluntary effort to help place each other in responsible positions in all fields of business. In joining the Club, a member has to agree to devote at least two-and-a-half days a week of personal time to its affairs, whether in the field making calls as a representative or working inside handling office routines.

"If you intend to keep your Exchange seat," the member said, "you probably won't be able to spend two-and-a-half days on Forty Plus affairs."

Every month, hundreds of men call or appear in person at Forty

Plus Clubs throughout the nation. The New York office alone receives 200 inquiries during an average three-month period, from which 24 applications for membership are selected, though, on an average, only 14 of these are finally accepted.

The ultimate aim of the Forty Plus movement is to lose active members—that is, to place them in responsible positions. Since January, 1939, when the organization was started, the New York Club alone has restored more than 1,300 members (average age 55) to the business world.

One member residing on Long Island was a district sales manager for a large automobile company. In a reorganization back in the 1930s, he was replaced by a younger man. When war came, he joined the Army despite his age and held an important administrative post. Upon his discharge, he looked for jobs in vain.

"Too old," was the reply.

On the verge of dejection, he heard about Forty Plus and joined the club. After a year-and-a-half of membership, during which he held

administrative positions, he so regained confidence that he applied for a car salesman's job. During the interview his qualities were discovered, and he landed a district sales manager's position, in charge of a 14-state territory.

A retired naval commander, graduate of Annapolis and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was adviser to a foreign government before joining the Forty Plus Club. Within a brief time, he found an engineering position with a large export-import firm.

An advertising executive who drank too much had to give up his lucrative job. Restored to full capacity by Alcoholics Anonymous, he became head of publicity for the Forty Plus Club in New York, and ultimately found *his* job as promotion executive for an important trade association.

FORTY PLUS ORIGINATED in the practical mind of Henry Simler, former president of a division of one of the oldest typewriter companies in America. During the Depression of the 1930s, he became concerned about the trend against the man over 40 in the employment market. After a series of surveys, Simler was able to show industry that highly useful work was performed by the man over 40 with mature judgment and experience.

Today, there are Forty Plus Clubs in many cities, including Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and Los Angeles. Their functions are based on Simler's attempt to bring about a sense of age proportion in the business world. As members point out, education prepares for a living and takes 20 years—the next 20 bring

experience—and then comes uncertainty. The Forty Plus movement gives the man over 40 the assurance that his capabilities are still needed in our economy, and thus restores his confidence and self-esteem.

Eligibility for membership is based on the requirements that a man must be an unemployed American citizen and more than 40 years old. Upon receipt of application, the prospective member is thoroughly investigated, interviewed by an admissions committee and, if approved by the committee, submitted for election at an open meeting of the entire club. This screening is done for the protection of the man as well as the club, and in the final analysis, for the protection of the employer too.

No fee of any kind is charged to the employer or member for services rendered. No salaries are paid, not even to the club's officers. All expenses are met by voluntary contributions. When a member joins the Forty Plus Club, he makes an initial contribution of \$10. When he leaves to take a job, he donates whatever he feels is consistent with his moral obligations.

All the club's work is done voluntarily by members who gather regularly at headquarters to sort mail, pound typewriters, handle phone calls, pore over calling lists, address, seal and stamp envelopes. Since the club operates on the basic theory of "selling each other," no member is permitted to solicit a job for himself through the club.

Members are sent out to call on executives in business and industry, averaging from 12 to 15 calls a week. Openings are reported to headquarters, where a placement

committee approves members before sending them to interview prospective employers.

The achievements of the Forty Plus movement emphasize the importance of morale. Rubbing shoulders with others who have held good positions stimulates a man. Calling on executives in the business world keeps a member alert and in touch with current affairs.

The average Forty-plusser becomes so absorbed in his assignments that he feels a distinct shock upon suddenly realizing he has landed a job. It is a disappointment

to both the member and the club when such an event occurs. But that is the purpose of the organization.

As one observer put it, Forty Plus is the logical outgrowth of an illogical idea—the old idea that a man was a has-been merely because he had attained 40 years of age. Today, thanks to Henry Simler and to past and present members of the clubs all over the United States, the idea has been proved a fallacy. That a 72-year-old model maker was recently able to find a \$100-a-week job is the best indication of the success of the Forty Plus movement.

Wise and



Otherwise

You never realize how the human voice can change until a woman quits scolding her husband and answers the phone. —NEAL O'HARA

A fool and his money are some party. —*The Doormat*

Remember, when you point your finger accusingly at someone else, you've got three fingers pointing at yourself.—*Socony Vacuum Refinery*

Tired of waiting an unreasonably long time for jury verdicts, an Oklahoma City judge had hard-seated chairs substituted for the comfortable ones in the jury room. Then he timed the jurymen and found they reached verdicts in an hour less time. —LESTER KROEFEL

Slang is language that takes off its coat, spits on its hand and goes to work. —CARL SANDBURG

If a girl doesn't watch her figure, the boys won't. —PAULETTE GODDARD

He's rusting on his laurels.

—WALTER WINCHELL

Lying is permissible on two occasions—when flattering a woman and when trying to save one's life.

—NEAL O'HARA in *Thoughts While Shaving, Waverly House*

Just when you're important enough to take two hours for lunch, the doctor limits you to a glass of milk.

American officials got this statement from a Chinese guerrilla girl: "When Japanese came, I pretend to be very nice. Every day take new husband, every night cut off his head." —*Tales of Hoffman*

Drinking does not drown sorrow; it only irrigates it. —DENVER POST

The Case of the *W*reviewed Murder



by VINCENT H. GADDIS

Here is the bizarre story of a crime that was detected before it was committed

DETECTIVES HAVE SOLVED crimes by clever deduction, infinite patience, accidental discoveries and the long arm of coincidence. But when a murder is witnessed and solved three years before it is actually committed—that is crime detection with a vengeance!

Toward the close of the last century, a French magistrate, M. Bérard, was vacationing in a village in southern France. One day, while on a hike, he became lost, and was forced to stop for the night at an inn near the town of Sigéan.

Judge Bérard observed that the inn, called the *Au Rendezvous des Amis*, was operated by a sinister-

appearing host and his wife, but he was tired and the hour was late. He was taken to a room over a stable which adjoined the inn at the rear. The other two chambers, the host explained, were occupied by guests.

Perhaps the fact that the judge had recently presided at a murder trial caused him to be unduly apprehensive, but he decided to barricade the door. However, there was another small door under a wall curtain which he was unable to secure. Then he retired, and fell into a restless slumber.

A nightmare followed. In the dream he was still in the room but a stranger was lying on the bed. The

hidden door opened, the landlord approached the bed and plunged a knife into the sleeping guest. Then he called his wife, who entered by the same door. Together they carried the body from the room.

Judge Bérard awoke in a cold perspiration. After remaining awake the rest of the night, he left early in the morning.

Three years passed. One day, the magistrate read with interest a newspaper dispatch from Sigéan, telling of the strange disappearance of M. Victor Arnaud, an advocate. He had left the village for a walk and had never returned.

Later dispatches brought additional information. A traveler had seen a man answering M. Arnaud's description enter the inn, *Au Rendezvous des Amis*. A neighbor told of discovering the wife of M. Benet, landlord of the inn, throwing bloody cloths into a pond. And then Judge Bérard remembered his weird dream of three years before. He left at once for Sigéan.

There, the local magistrate permitted him to hear the testimony of Benet's wife. The woman did not recognize Judge Bérard. She stated that M. Arnaud had dined at the inn but had not remained for the night, since both her guest chambers were occupied.

Judge Bérard interrupted. "But what about the third chamber—the one over the stable?"

The innkeeper's wife gasped, then turned pale.

"I will tell you what happened," Judge Bérard continued. He then related his dream to the last detail. The magistrate listened in bewilderment. When the judge had finished his story, the woman cried: "You saw it all, then!"

When the local magistrate repeated the dream story to the landlord, he confessed, believing that his wife had betrayed him. The body of Arnaud was found under a heap of rubbish in the stable. And the landlord and his wife were found guilty of murder.



The Extras

Don't Count!

SITTING ON THE PORCH of a Vermont farmhouse one evening, a visitor from the city asked the farmer why he didn't leave the sunup-to-sundown toil of the farm and get himself a nine-to-five job in the city.

"Nine-to-five," said the farmer, "why that's about all the time I work on the farm nowadays. Things aren't anything like they

used to be in the old days."

The next morning around 6, the visitor strolled into the barnyard. He found the farmer busy milking. "I thought you said last night that you don't start to work until nine o'clock," he said.

"Well," retorted the farmer promptly, "I don't. But after all, I gotta git the chores done first, don't I?"

—W. E. GOLDEN

Buffalo's HELLZAPOPPIN Store



"The zanier the better" is Sattler's motto in promoting its "knock-down-and-drag-out" sales

by JACK STENBUCK

TWENTY YEARS AGO, when Bob Cornelius, a red-haired newspaperman of only 19 with the imagination of a circus press agent, was hired as advertising and promotion manager of Sattler's upstart department store in Buffalo, his new bosses told him: "Be as crazy as you can. Just drag in the crowds—we'll give 'em the bargains."

In the intervening years, there have been elephants in the dress department, weddings in the store windows, monkeys on the main floor, a wire walker thrilling street

crowds outside, a freak encased in a 1,000-pound block of ice, and Borden's famous cow, Elsie, in quarters complete even to a regal bed of her own.

To sell a stock of fire-damaged goods, Sattler's devised a super-zany touch. It fixed its store front to look like the center of a three-alarm blaze and poured steam from the windows in lieu of smoke. Meanwhile, store executives donned fire helmets and took turns ringing bells and sounding sirens.

When Sattler's put on a circus

week, it covered the main floor of the store with sawdust, draped a tent over the entrance, displayed trained seals and bears in the windows, gave away pink lemonade, and had clowns, organ-grinders and stilt walkers mingling with the bargain-hunting throngs.

With such hoopla, Sattler's has provided Buffalo with many a good laugh, but the store and what it has accomplished in this unorthodox manner are nothing to laugh at. Each bit of seeming nonsense has had such solid salesmanship behind it that the story of Sattler's growth is as phenomenal as its fabulous bargains and horseplay.

Though it is located in a neighborhood two miles from the city's center, Sattler's, after 22 years, is now conceded to be one of Buffalo's largest stores in volume and floor space, doing a business of some \$25,000,000 a year. The address at 998 Broadway, Sattler's boasts, is the best-known address in western New York, a statement easy to believe in light of the 130,000 customers it has attracted in a single day and before whose onslaught mountains of merchandise have vanished like melting snow.

As a matter of fact, few customers bother to call it Sattler's. As a result of a radio jingle that has drummed the address into listeners' ears continuously for eight years, everyone calls the store just "998." When trolley cars reach the spot where it stands, motormen simply yell "998!"—and the passengers make a mad dash for Sattler's.

Like a youngster continually outgrowing last year's clothes, the store has outgrown its quarters with such regularity that it has had ten major

additions in the last 20 years, each naturally calling for another elaborate "grand opening," with civic leaders, celebrities and the public participating in a holiday bargain festival. Today, its 365,000 square feet feature such frills as a \$350,000 air-conditioning system, fancy lighting and showcases, and a modern escalator system.

There, in a glorified atmosphere of calculated lunacy, shoppers have grabbed in one day as many as 11,000 mismatched rubbers at nine cents, 4,900 men's shirts at 44 cents, 22,000 roses at two cents, 67,000 pounds of turkey at 43 cents and, just to demonstrate that the store has carriage trade too, dozens of rare white orchids at \$17.50 each.

THINGS, HOWEVER, HAVE NOT always been this way at Sattler's. The late John G. Sattler started a shoe store in his mother's home in 1889, and by 1926 was selling \$400,000 worth of shoes a year. Then his son-in-law, Charles Hahn, Jr., joined him as a 22-year-old part owner, and Aaron Rabow, also in his 20s, arrived to manage a small dress department which Sattler had added.

With the imagination and daring of youth, Hahn and Rabow saw no reason why shoe customers couldn't be sold everything else they needed as well. Their formula for success was simple but different: buy right, sell for less than the next fellow, be satisfied with small profits, encourage a folksy atmosphere and, above all, don't be bashful about attracting attention.

Gradually, new departments were added, and Sattler soon left the store in his son-in-law's hands. Later, when Hahn and Rabow per-

suauded Bob Cornelius to come with them, they were ready for Operation Hellzapoppin in earnest. Without having to consult a board of directors for approval, the triumvirate goes into a huddle over any new idea, and promotion wheels begin to spin at once.

The store handles everything from shoelaces at four cents a pair (most regular nickel items are four cents; dime items are nine) to food, coal and roofing. In the public mind, 998 is so indelibly stamped as the store of unusual bargains that Sattler's once ran a full-page ad to tell Buffalo about a big sale and deliberately omitted its name.

"You know whose ad this is; the low prices tell you," the headline shouted. Shoppers took one look at the prices, then stormed the store in such numbers that police had to be called and the doors barred at frequent intervals. Rabow himself sold three- to five-dollar dresses by standing on a soapbox and yelling, "Who wants a size 14—who'll take a 12?" and tossing them over the heads of buyers like a peanut vendor at a ball game.

Sattler's specializes in buying stocks of other stores, often taking over employees too, and cutting prices to the bone. For major sales events, 998 charters streetcars and busses, and customers converge from all directions, riding to the store at Sattler's expense.

As for the store's public-address system, customers hang onto its every word—and for good reason. Aside from calling attention to the day's most intriguing bargains, it reunites frantic mothers with lost children and, like an old family friend, relays all kinds of personal

messages, such as: "Mr. Smith! Your wife wants you to bring home a dozen diapers. You'll find them in the infants' department." Or "Miss Susie Jones! Your boy friend will meet you at the corner drug-store. Next time make it Sattler's. It's handier."

For the most part, 998's delivery fleet comprises nothing more than the baby carriages which mothers park on the sidewalks outside. Probably nowhere else in America will so many be gathered at one time to serve a similar purpose. Up to 200, they stand hub to hub, some with the occupants for whom they were intended long since grown up, but others with cargoes of live geese and Sattler packages crowding the infant passengers.

Other buyers stagger from the store under loads of wallpaper sufficient for the decoration of an entire home, or a cabinet radio on their backs. A whole family will come in to look at breakfast sets and, after making the purchase, father and mother will carry the table out between them while the youngsters form a parade with a chair apiece.

ALMOST ANY IDEA that is different or offers a hippodrome twist is enough to get the "wonder store" busy on a new campaign. Once, to dramatize its new doughnut kitchen, Sattler's held a store-wide doughnut sale with a prize for the best salesman. For the next few days, all 1,000 employees, plus the executives, concentrated on plugging doughnuts by every conceivable stunt.

Cornelius won. He invested in some Sattler pans, filled them with

doughnuts, printed signs, "If you like these samples, call Cornelius," and left them at fire stations, the city hall, and dozens of offices. For the next few days, busy downtown executives were dispatching office boys in cars to buy doughnuts for their entire staffs.

Another time the store's employees sold three-and-a-half tons of sausage in a day from a special booth on the main floor.

Last Christmas season, when other stores were featuring gift merchandise, 998 decided to fill its windows with something different—live lobsters, for instance. Some 10,000 were flown in from Gloucester, Massachusetts, and 500 of the friskiest went into the main window with a background of lobster pots, seaweed and shells.

With lobsters selling elsewhere in the city for as much as \$1 a pound, Sattler's ran ads with the message: "The freshest lobsters Buffalo ever had—49 cents a pound." The lobsters probably earned no profits but the crowds came, and that meant plenty of other merchandise.

When it comes to youngsters, the store starts showing a friendly interest even before they are born—by providing free twin-insurance for every prospective parent buying a

layette. For children themselves, there are contests to guess the number of buttons in a jar or seeds in a pumpkin. There are also treasure hunts, and special parties on every school holiday, with free bubble gum, comic books or candy with every purchase in the juvenile departments.

Aside from shrewd buying, low markup and huge volume, one reason Sattler's can offer top bargains is the fact that, while it now provides a glamorized atmosphere for customers, it still operates with an extremely low overhead. Its office is an example. Sattler's, without charge accounts or regular delivery, gets along with 20 girls in its book-keeping department.

During the years, 998's advertising has made much of the testimonials received from as far off as Poland and France, to which the store's fame has spread, but perhaps the most significant testimonial came from a woman shoplifter. Caught for the fifth time, she was asked: "Why do you insist on doing your shoplifting at Sattler's?"

Being from Buffalo, it is not surprising that the woman drew herself up and replied indignantly: "You don't think I'd find such bargains anywhere else!"

Ever Try It?

ONE TRIED and sure method of getting your wife home from an out-of-town vacation is to send her a copy of the local paper, with one item clipped out.

—The Welfarer

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT Your Teeth?

by SUSAN VOIGHT

Can You Inherit Good Teeth?

The answer is: Yes. In a study of 5,400 parents and children, the U. S. Public Health Service found that when both parents had no signs of dental trouble, their children also had good teeth.

What Is Tooth Enamel?

Tooth enamel is made up of thousands of tiny rods, lying next to each other and held together by a cementlike substance. Changes occur in enamel structure, but once the enamel is formed it stops growing and can't replace itself.

How Many Teeth Do You Get in a Lifetime?

You should get 52. Twenty are the teeth you lose as a child, 32 are your permanent adult teeth.

Do Teeth Ever Get Soft?

Dental authorities say there is no such thing as "soft" teeth. Examination of thousands of teeth shows practically no difference in structure or chemical composition.

Why Do Teeth Decay?

Decay never starts *inside* the tooth; it always starts *outside*, when bacteria work on food particles on or between the teeth. This action cre-

ates lactic acid, which eats through the enamel. Other microorganisms—proteolytic bacteria—attack the enamel directly. Once the enamel armor is broken, the decay can reach inside to the dentine, which protects the pulp of your teeth.

What Is the Fluoride Treatment?

Many dentists are now applying a diluted mixture of the chemical, sodium fluoride, to children's teeth. Large-scale experiments indicate that cavities are reduced by 40 to 50 per cent, and in some cases even more, by coating teeth with sodium fluoride three or four times a year.

How Should Teeth Be Brushed?

Dentists recommend that you start with the *side* of the brush, laying the bristles against the gums. Then stroke your teeth in the direction of growth with the bristles of the brush at a right angle to the side of the teeth. In other words, brush your upper teeth down, and your lower teeth up.

Except in cases where certain pathological conditions of the mouth already prevail, the importance of massaging the gums to stimulate blood circulation and promote healthy gum tissue is emphasized by dental authorities.

The Popular Pastor of Ohio U.



Fred E. Luchs, "a regular guy" who knows the problems of youth, is friend and confidant to thousands of students

by CAROL HEGGEN

POCKETED IN THE tree-fringed hills of southeastern Ohio is the town of Athens, population 10,000, home of Ohio University, enrollment 7,200. On week ends, Athens bustles with activity—football and basketball games, parties and open houses, teas and receptions. The hotel's ballroom and the country club are booked far in advance for gala college dances.

For hundreds of students, however, one of the most important week-end events takes place each Sunday morning in a modest stone building at Court and Washington Streets. It is never listed on the official calendar of campus activities, yet it has become such an integral part of university life that many an O. U. alumnus will tell you that these weekly gatherings were the

most memorable experience of his college days. The event is Sunday-morning service at the Presbyterian church, conducted by Fred E. Luchs, an energetic young minister.

In a day when the phrase "I'll see you in church" has become a gag line, the picture presented each Sunday morning at 9 o'clock and again at 11 is remarkable. Students outnumber the regular congregation four to one. They fill the sanctuary, overflow into adjoining Sunday-school rooms. Chairs are sometimes set up in the church offices where the sermon is heard over a public-address system. But despite these extra accommodations, crowds often reach "standing room only" proportions a half-hour before the opening hymn.

Not long ago an out-of-town busi-

nessman stopping in Athens decided to attend the Reverend Mr. Luchs' church. Later he took one of the parishioners aside.

"During the first part of the service," he confided, "I kept wondering why so many students were there. I kept waiting for some special announcement about the university. But now that I've heard the sermon, I understand why young people come to your church."

Only a man with a broad and sympathetic understanding of the problems of youth could produce Fred Luchs' sermons. Sunday after Sunday he discusses the very topics that students are weighing in their own informal gatherings.

On a campus crowded with ex-GIs, he knows there is deep concern about the state of the nation and of the world. Occasionally, some campus issue provides material for a practical lesson in the application of religion to everyday living. But more often, Luchs talks of headline news and current affairs, showing how the wisdom of a Man who lived 2,000 years ago has vital meaning for today.

One student sums it up this way: "Sometimes I think Fred Luchs must overhear our bull sessions at the fraternity house."

A senior girl explains: "What we hear at church supplements what we get in our classrooms. We need that 'plus.'"

Actually, Luchs' sermons are the result of close personal friendships with students. Almost any day you can see this busy minister with the broad, friendly face and the keen blue eyes striding across the campus—perhaps stopping for a classroom to be a guest lecturer, perhaps on his

way to referee an intramural wrestling match, or perhaps just headed for the "Grill," favorite campus hangout, for a Coke and a chat with undergraduates.

He walks along briskly, but often he stops for a few words with some student he meets.

"Don't forget we're expecting you and Mrs. Luchs at our picnic next Friday," one boy reminds him.

"Hey, Rev," calls out another, "we missed you at the dorm dance last evening."

"You haven't been around to the sorority house lately," says an attractive brunette. "Are you trying to high-hat us?"

In all the greetings there is an easygoing familiarity, yet no hint of disrespect. Rather, there is a warm tone of affection and comradeship. As one student remarks, "Uncle Fred is the only minister I've ever called by a nickname."

IT WAS THE FALL OF 1937 when Fred Luchs and his comely, dark-haired wife, Evelyn, moved into the venerable manse on North College Street. Although he was only 33, Luchs had already attracted attention because of his successful work with young people.

The young minister's first pastorate after finishing Franklin and Marshall College and the Reformed Theological Seminary at Lancaster, in his native Pennsylvania, was a small church in Monroe, Pennsylvania. Here he met and married an attractive young schoolteacher from Steubenville, Ohio, who, incidentally, had been graduated only a few years earlier from the university at Athens.

During his four years at Monroe

he conducted a successful summer camp, where youngsters of all denominations learned how to work and play together. The experiment was a happy one for the young people, the church and the town.

In 1934, the Luchs left Monroe and traveled in Europe, then returned to Chicago where Fred spent two years in graduate work at the University of Chicago's theological seminary. When they heard that Athens was looking for a minister, the Luchs knew this was the post they wanted. A college town meant the opportunity of working further with young people.

After he had accepted the call, it soon was apparent that the church had found the right minister and Luchs had found the right church. For Fred was not content with performing only those duties which confront any new minister—parish calls, preparation of sermons, church meetings. Before long he knew by name not only most of the townspeople but almost every student on O. U.'s campus too.

Word got around among students that the new Presbyterian minister (who, said many, looked and talked like James Cagney) was a regular guy. He and his wife attended college plays and games. Students would see him at the bowling alley, where he proved no mean match for the experts.

Soon, the red-brick manse became a favorite gathering spot for students, who would drop by with their dates in the evenings for a short visit or a full session of lively discussion. Before long, Fred and Evelyn Luchs were receiving more invitations than they could accept—to be chaperones at college

dances, to be dinner guests at dormitories and fraternity houses.

The church building itself seemed to take on new life. The students not only came to Sunday services—they began taking active parts in other church activities. Many have joined the choir, while young men, some of them studying dramatics, often assist with the services.

Much student enthusiasm for the church is centered in the social and religious program designed for collegians and offered by their own church club, the Westminster Foundation. Under the guidance of the director of youth activities, the Foundation provides a full schedule of events—suppers and parties, rehearsals and discussions.

Almost any afternoon or evening, student groups are using church facilities for informal or formal gatherings, varying from Bible-study classes to popcorn and fudge parties in the church kitchen, or Ping-pong games between classes in the basement. One of the most worth-while Foundation projects is the Sunday-evening worship hour, conducted by students who travel to coal-mining communities in the hills around Athens and hold services in villages too small or too poor to hire a resident pastor.

Luchs offers just as busy a schedule of activities for adults as for young people. Within the church organization are almost a score of adult groups which have had real influence on the life of the town. The story of the cleanup of the Athens County Children's Home is a good example.

At a meeting of the Presbyterian business and professional women's group last year, one member who

had visited the children's home on the outskirts of town described the dreary, dirty, overcrowded conditions she found there. Eighty youngsters were crowded into quarters intended for no more than 40. They had not had hot bath water for a year—except what they heated on a kitchen stove. They had no place to hang their clothes, no place to keep even their meager personal belongings.

Aroused, the Presbyterian women carried their protest to the county board of commissioners, who admitted that appropriations had been inadequate. They bought extra beds and provided a hot-water supply. But when no further improvements were made, women's groups from other Athens churches, service clubs and the Chamber of Commerce joined in the crusade and demanded that a qualified social worker be named to work with the local board. Only after the entire community had joined in the fight was a social worker hired and an adequate budget for the home set up.

SINCE NEITHER FRED NOR Evelyn Luchs was reared as a Presbyterian—Fred was originally a member of the Reformed Church and Evelyn was a Methodist—they are strongly opposed to rigid sectarianism. This feeling is shared by their parishioners, both young and old, as well as by the townspeople of other faiths.

For example, some 300 Jewish students attend Ohio University. There is no synagogue in Athens, but the students are united in their Hillel Foundation, under the direction of a young rabbi, Murray Rothman. During solemn holidays, Jew-

ish students, at the invitation of the Presbyterians, have held religious services in Luchs' church. Other Athens churches have likewise offered their facilities to the Jewish students, and out of this experience has come a feeling of mutual respect, understanding and fellowship.

As Luchs' reputation for extraordinary work among the students has increased, calloused young moderns who have never admitted that there were chinks in their armor of cynicism have spoken freely of their doubts and uncertainties when talking with him in his study. For Luchs has more than advice and platitudes to offer. He also offers the unspoken understanding of one who has known problems too.

Several years ago, the Luchses decided to adopt a youngster, and requested a little girl between the ages of four and eight. One day the happy notice came, and off they went to gather to themselves the little child. When they arrived at the adoption home, however, they found not one child waiting but four—a sister and three brothers, aged seven, six, five and four. Not able to bear the thought of separating the little group, they carried the flock back home and installed all four in the manse.

The family budget now had to be stretched a bit, but the Luchses solved this problem. Evelyn took out her typewriter and began to write—often stories about her new family. Now she is a regular contributor to religious and parents' magazines, and the money she earns is being put into a fund to educate the children.

Members of the church are extremely proud of Luchs. They like

to tell how he was one of ten American ministers chosen to exchange pulpits with British ministers. After spending several months abroad, preaching throughout England and Scotland, their pastor returned to Ohio as enthusiastic as ever about his work there.

They like to explain how Luchs prepares his sermons—how he solicits comments and criticism by circulating the first draft among church members and other townspeople, thus using his pulpit not only to deliver his own message but as a sort of sounding board for the community.

And they like to recall the scores of young people who decided during their years at O. U. and the Presbyterian Church to go out into the world as youth leaders, missionaries or ministers.

Expressions of local allegiance to Luchs often take concrete forms. For several years, Earl Davis, Athens automobile dealer, has provided Luchs with free servicing and gasoline for his car. Another church member donated a special fund to be used for entertainment of students, after he discovered that the Luchs were entertaining 1,000 students a year at the manse, and

paying the costs themselves. Still another businessman in Athens (and not a member of Luchs' church) provides free secretarial help from his own office whenever Luchs' work gets out of hand.

Not long ago, Fred Luchs received a letter from a former student who, like so many others, wrote after graduation to say some of the things which shyness or lack of realization had kept her from expressing before.

"After leaving Ohio University," she told Luchs in her letter, "I traveled as a national officer for my sorority. And how often I've wanted to write and tell you how significant I feel the religious life of the students at O. U. is! In my visits to more than 40 campuses throughout the country, I have never found a comparable situation—where such a large percentage of students voluntarily and wholeheartedly make church attendance and activities a ready part of their university experience.

"But even more than that, I want to express my appreciation for the fine spirit of your church—a spirit that is shared by all and draws others to it. It is an impression that will last a lifetime."

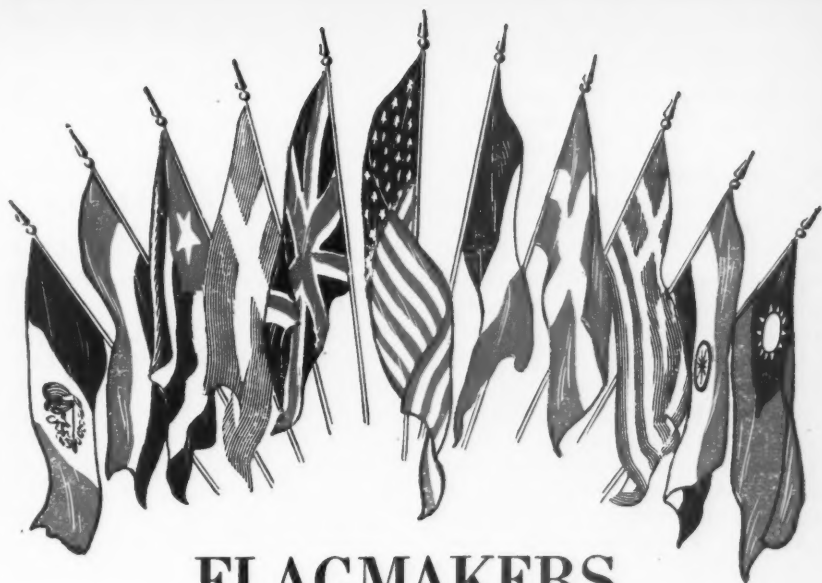
What It Takes

HENRY G. MOOCK, vice-president of the Plymouth division of the Chrysler Corporation, quotes the following recipe for an ideal salesman:

"He has the curiosity of a cat, the tenacity of a bulldog, the friendship of a little child, the diplomacy



of a wayward husband, the patience of a self-sacrificing wife, the enthusiasm of a Sinatra fan, the assurance of a Harvard Man, the good humor of a comedian, the simplicity of a jackass, and the tireless energy of a bill collector." —JOHN F. LOOSBROCK



FLAGMAKERS TO THE WORLD

by TOM MAHONEY

Many poignant scenes have been enacted in the Annin showrooms while its banners recorded 100 years of the pageant of history

AN ELDERLY WOMAN of distinguished bearing once entered the store of Annin & Co. Deftly she took a diamond pin from the neck of her dress and plunged it into the vein of one hand. Clerks gasped as blood spurted on the visitor's handkerchief.

"I want you," she ordered calmly, "to make me a Confederate battle flag with the red the exact color of this blood."

She was Mrs. Jefferson Davis,

widow of the Confederate President.

The Annin Company matched the blood-red hue of the old Southern Cross flag and filled the order for Mrs. Davis.

Although this took place years ago, Louis Annin Ames, who waited on Mrs. Davis, is still president of Annin & Co. as the venerable Manhattan firm starts the second century of a colorful existence. Much of the business that makes the firm the oldest and largest flagmaking com-

pany in the world is the meticulous filling of sentimental orders for notable customers. Each year it sells some 25,000,000 flags.

Though usually only samples are kept in stock, the Annin store on Fifth Avenue is a riot of color, displaying enough standards, banners, bannerettes, guidons, pennants, flies, ensigns and burgees to flag a battleship, a yachting regatta, a national political convention, an American Legion reunion or a St. Patrick's Day parade. The general effect is somewhere between that of a carnival midway and the interior of a cathedral decorated for an important religious celebration.

Flags carry such poignant associations that the glass-encased banners of the Annin showroom have been the background for many scenes of deep emotion. A teen-age boy and girl walked in one day and fell on their knees before a British flag. It developed that their father had been killed serving in the British Army and they had come to buy a flag in his memory.

"Flagmaking," remarks the 80-year-old Ames, "is a very sentimental business."

Flags also have a cheerful and lighter side. There is the cocktail-hour flag designed for convivial yachtsmen some years ago by Digby W. Chandler, an Annin vice-president. A rectangular white flag surmounted by a red cocktail glass, it sells for \$1.75. But for 75 cents additional a yachtsman can buy a flag showing a Martini with an olive or a Manhattan with a cherry.

Then there was the flag made for Sam T. Shaw, late hotel magnate. "When I sail my yacht from Oyster Bay," he explained, "my friends

don't give me any peace. They come aboard or whistle at me and I can't sleep. I want a 'don't disturb' flag."

Ames pondered this and came up with what is now the "slumber" flag. Of gold surmounted by a whorl of red and black comets, it depicts the beginning and end of life, according to Japanese legend.

ANNIN'S ALL-TIME best-seller, of course, is the Stars and Stripes, and a large portion of the company's 150,000 patterns are devoted to a tremendous variety of sizes and historical variations of the national flag. Annin has sold the largest and possibly the smallest U. S. flags ever manufactured, the latter being the size of a postage stamp, for use on birthday cakes.

The largest free-flying flag is a 60-by-90-foot version of Old Glory, made last year to be flown on holidays at the New Jersey end of the big George Washington Bridge, over the Hudson River. It cost \$2,000, and weighs so much that 20 men are required to raise it.

Some extra-special versions of the Stars and Stripes have been turned out by Annin's. Flags on which the stars and stripes are raised like dots of the Braille alphabet have been made for homes for the blind. Flags with fluorescent stars and stripes that glow in the dark have been produced for theatrical use. And recently, flags with purple instead of blue, and orange instead of red have been supplied to movie studios in Hollywood. Photographed in Technicolor, they make a more effective blue and red than Old Glory's usual colors.

The first Annin to become flag-conscious was Alexander, who be-

gan to make flags as a ship chandler on the New York City water front in 1820. In 1847, two of his sons established the company, and got off to a good start by making flags for the U. S. armies that conquered California and New Mexico in 1847. In 1849, the firm supplied flags for the inauguration of President Zachary Taylor, and since then there have been Annin flags at every inauguration.

During the Civil War, Annin & Co. had to work overtime to supply flags for the Northern armies. The firm boasts that its banners "were in every engagement on land and sea from the beginning to the close of the war." It found time, however, to fill a couple of notable foreign orders. One consisted of flags for Garibaldi's army in Italy and the other for the coronation of ill-fated Maximilian as Emperor of Mexico.

Latin-American revolutionists who spend their exiles in hotels near Annin's have always patronized it when ordering flags for just-born, or about-to-be-born, governments. The company made the first official flags for the republics of Brazil, Panama and Portugal; and though no revolution was involved, it also made the first flag for the Union of South Africa.

WHEN ADMIRAL ROBERT E. PEARY reached the North Pole on that memorable April 6, 1909, he carried not only an Annin-made U. S. flag but also banners of Delta Kappa Epsilon, the Navy League and the Sons of the American Revolution, all supplied by the firm. In later years, Admiral Byrd, Mac-Millan and Wilkins have always been well supplied with Annin flags.

Byrd flew them over both the North and South Poles.

Great numbers of flags were turned out by Annin's during both World War I and II for the armed services and the Maritime Commission. As might be expected, it was an Annin-made flag that members of the Fifth Marine Infantry Division placed so spectacularly on February 23, 1945, at the top of Mount Suribachi on Iwo Jima. A photograph of this inspiring feat now hangs in Vice-President Cameron Beard's office.

Today, rayon and nylon have become flag materials, like the older silk, wool and cotton. Since 1926, the firm has made most of its flags in a model factory at Verona, New Jersey. There some 600 women, mostly veteran employees, turn out inexpensive flags by machine and the more expensive types by hand.

A notable feature of the New Jersey factory is an arrangement of wooden troughs beneath each sewing machine which keeps flags from falling to the floor. Tradition and law require that no American flag ever touch the ground, and Annin workers have deep respect for the product of their labors.

If a movie studio wants to make a film showing William the Conqueror landing in England in 1066, Annin's knows from an old tapestry exactly what kind of flags he had, and can reproduce them. If a scene requires a Hollywood Admiral Nelson to signal, "England expects every officer and man to do his duty this day," Annin's can produce the signal pennants required.

While Annin's takes no official position on the matter, the firm's experts doubt the legend that credits

Betsy Ross with making the first Stars and Stripes in 1776. They point out she never made any such claim herself, and that it wasn't until her grandson advanced the idea nearly a century later that historians heard about it.

On the other hand, there is no doubt that Mrs. Mary Pickersgill made the Fort McHenry flag that inspired Francis Scott Key to write *The Star-Spangled Banner* in 1814. She sewed the big 30-by-42-foot flag together in Claggett's brewery in Baltimore, and received \$405.90 for her work. Col. George Armistead, commander of Fort McHenry, kept the shell-torn flag after the British bombardment, and it remained in his family until it was presented to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington.

Annin's has served peace by outfitting the United Nations headquarters at Lake Success with one of the most elaborate collections of flags ever assembled. The seam-

stresses at Verona are now turning out quantities of the new official UN flag. Still unfamiliar to many Americans, it is a light-blue flag showing a North Pole projection of the world in white, encircled by an olive wreath, also in white, the symbol of peace.

Last year, Annin's business went past the \$2,000,000 mark. This year, the company is doing nicely with sizable orders for political campaign flags and banners, for flags of Israel, India and Pakistan, and for special jobs for fraternal orders and societies. If and when Hawaii is admitted as the 49th state, a new star will be added to the flag and will automatically give the flag business new impetus.

But Annin's has seen 17 states admitted to the Union during its century of business and is not particularly excited. As far as flagmaking is concerned, another state will simply mean arranging the stars in seven rows of seven stars each.



The American Scene

THE DINER WAS A chronic complainant, and the waiter was at the end of his rope because of her unreasonable demands.

"Why is it," the customer barked, "that I never get what I ask for here?"

"Perhaps, madam," the waiter replied, "it's because we are too polite."

—JOSEPH KALISH

"I'M A VERY BUSY man, sir. What is your proposition?"

"I want to make you rich."

"Well, leave your recipe with me and I'll look it over later. Just now I'm engaged in closing a deal where I can make seven dollars in real money."

—McCall Spirit

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THE GREAT CAMPAIGN

Picture Story

EVERY FOURTH YEAR in America's 159 years as a federal nation, our people have gathered for free elections to choose a President of the United States. This year, the eyes of an unsettled world are focused on the U.S.A. as we prepare for that universally significant Tuesday in November. On that day we reaffirm our faith in the principle of democratic equality for all men. Now, in a colorful story of past and present campaigns, Coronet proudly presents the unfolding drama of America going to the polls.





Months before the polls open, the American voter begins to test his opinions as he soberly debates the election issues with his neighbor. He knows his decision is important. His one vote counts.



In an equally inquiring mood are some 25,000,000 American women who will vote this year. Since the passage of the 19th Amendment 28 years ago, they have come to cherish their political independence.



In this crucial year, election day means more than the whirling climax of a boisterous, tub-thumping, brass-band campaign. Today, citizens lining up at the polls are thoughtful . . .



. . . aware of the responsibility inherent in their choice. Drawn from farm, offices, factories and homes, their single votes add up to sixty million endorsements of the American way.



Convention time, and the eve of the great campaign. High hopes, rousing speeches, smoke and confusion as state and territorial delegates swirl like a flood tide, in a frenzy of indecision.



Who is the man of the hour? Who will carry the banner of the party? A favorite son? A dark horse? The convention bogs down to deadlock as hot, weary hours drag into days.



Suddenly, one name rockets upward. Fatigue and boredom vanish as state after state is swept up in the stampede. The candidate's name is flashed to the nation. The campaign is on!



Once, crude torches blazed at evening rallies. But today, in an age of neon signs and radio, newsreels and television, the campaign has become a huge, organized machine.



From the primaries to the great day itself, millions of dollars will be lavished on publicity. And, as always, loyal party workers will parade, coin slogans, distribute buttons and pamphlets.



But most tireless of all must be the candidate himself. From train platforms, in vast convention halls, in hundreds of towns and cities, he must sell himself. A handshake may mean a vote.



The candidate's voice will reach millions. He hopes to thrill a nation, as William Jennings Bryan did with his ringing denunciation—"You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold!"



Press agents will build up past achievements—like those of the fabulous rough-rider, Teddy Roosevelt. His storied charge up San Juan Hill was hailed from every platform in the land.



Every possible source of popularity will be exploited. Massive William Howard Taft was the first to hitch his band wagon to a smile. It carried him jubilantly into office.



Sometimes one slogan will pivot a whole campaign. Visionary Woodrow Wilson (here chatting with Franklin D. Roosevelt) rode to victory in 1916 on six magic words—“*He kept us out of war!*”



In prosperous days, the key weapon is the promise of continuing prosperity. Riding the crest of the postwar boom, Warren G. Harding coined the word “normalcy” and harvested 16,000,000 votes.



But in lean days, it takes boldness to capture the electoral imagination. "*I pledge . . . a new deal for the American people!*" Here were fighting words that every man could understand.



With 90 million potential voters to be reached, today's campaign is, by necessity, a miracle of planning. Today's candidate will burn up enough miles to span the Atlantic ten times over.



OUR NEXT VICE PRESIDENT



JOHN W.

BRICKER



DEMOCRATS

VOTE FOR
DEWEY

AND

BRICKER

IF YOU DONT WORK HARD
ROOSEVELT - CAN WIN!

DEWEY

Representative

Chairman



From primaries to election day, he will speak nearly a thousand times, and make twice as many informal appearances. His picture will stare from a million posters throughout America.



But elections are won or lost in the neighborhood. Up and down the block, in grocery stores, poolrooms, churches and clubs — the candidate's severest critics prepare to vote.



Frantic last-minute plans are made. Poll watchers, pamphleteers and runners are alerted. Shops close down. The polling place becomes the hub of all activity.



own the
Tension climbs. Key phrases take command. *Inflation. Foreign policy. World peace.* The voter ponders: "*Is he a big enough man to fill the most important pair of shoes on earth?*"



and
mes
Now, in the hands of a free people rests the destiny of a free nation. In every ballot lies the seed of a greater tomorrow.



One by one, the polls close. A breathless hush descends. Without violence, America has put her principles to their greatest test. Vast radio networks are cleared—"Complete returns are not yet in."



The count goes on. But whatever the outcome, Americans are secure in the knowledge that once more, in free election, the dream of the nation's founders—government by the people—has been fulfilled.

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Mickey Rooney Comes of Age

by GEORGE FRAZIER

A former problem child of the movies is recognized today as one of the greatest talents in the history of show business

ALTHOUGH MICKEY ROONEY is not, as some people like to maintain, a midget, there is ample reason for believing that he never had a childhood. This noisy, assertive extrovert, whose most conspicuous characteristic is frequently described as "his complete concentration on Mickey Rooney," has been a professional entertainer virtually all his 28 years. Because of this, even his severest critics acknowledge that he should not be judged too harshly.

"You start in show business as a kid, the way Mick did," one of them observed recently, "and you're bound to wind up being different from other people. You've never led a normal life, so how can anyone

expect you to be a normal person?"

Rooney broke into show business at the age of 15 months by making an impromptu appearance at a theater in Rochester, New York, where his parents were playing an engagement. Escaping from the dressing room to which he was confined during performances, he padded to the center of the stage and stood on his head. The audience, convinced he was a midget, failed to applaud.

Although the child, who was then named Joe Yule, Jr., had manifested precociousness by walking at seven months and talking at eight, he managed to startle his parents by this display of assurance. He was to startle them even more during a matinee a few days before his second birthday. He strolled on-stage while the act of Sid Gold and Babe La-Tour was doing its turn. As Gold

finished his rendition of *Pal of My Cradle Days*, the child held his nose and made a wry face. The audience was convulsed.

"I suppose *you* can sing it better," said Gold haughtily. When the child agreed, Gold said, "I'll bet you a dollar you can't."

Rooney leaned down into the pit and borrowed a dollar from the orchestra leader. Then he proceeded to sing *Pal of My Cradle Days* without deviation from lyric or melody. As he accepted Gold's dollar, he tore it in half and handed one piece, together with the borrowed bill, to the leader. This improvised role resulted in Rooney's becoming a regular part of the act. In the vernacular of show business, he's "been on" ever since.

Even at an age when most children are crunching zwieback, Rooney had the glib resourcefulness which is one of his most remarkable assets today. Among his contributions to the Gold-La Tour act was a bit which called for him to impersonate the entire Moran and Mack recording of *Two Black Crows*. Posted at one end of the stage, he would imitate Moran, and then, dashing to the other end, he would reply in Mack's voice.

One night, after progressing halfway through the sketch, he suddenly found himself unable to remember the next line. For a moment, panic threatened; but he succeeded in taking command of the situation almost immediately.

"The record," he announced nonchalantly, "got stuck."

In those early years, Rooney's glibness was surpassed only by his impudence. On one occasion, when asked by Gold, "Why does a fire-

man wear red suspenders?" he replied, "To hold up his truss." And the speech he delivered at the end of each performance was scarcely an exhibition of Little Lord Fauntleroy propriety either.

"Friends and folks," he would say, "pardon me for calling you friends and folks, but I feel I know you too well to call you ladies and gentlemen—thanks for the use of the hall."

In the quarter-century that has slipped by since then, Rooney has progressed to the point where he is generally recognized as the most versatile individual in the whole entertainment field. Those who regard him with something less than affection are nevertheless frankly overwhelmed by his talent.

"He has no personal warmth," a colleague remarked not long ago. "I don't honestly think Mickey Rooney ever bothered to help a girl on with her coat, and he doesn't know how to say, 'How do you feel today?' But talent!" Here the man threw up his arms in awe. "His instincts are wonderful!"

ROONEY, WHOSE KEEN awareness of his five-feet-three-inch stature often prompts him to remind directors of his presence on a set by remarking, "Here's your leading man standing in a hole," was the box-office champion of the film industry in 1939, 1940 and 1941. The 13 comparatively inexpensive Hardy Family movies, to all of which Rooney lent distinction, have taken in some \$38,000,000 at the box office, and are still being exhibited throughout the world.

What is more revealing than financial statements, however, is his

ability to play every sort of part. If he is a song-and-dance man with the energy and grace to prance through George Gershwin's *Girl Crazy*, he is also capable of doing Shakespeare, as he demonstrated impressively when he portrayed Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the age of 14. Similarly, if he quipped the way of puppy love from one pleasantly superficial Hardy picture to another, he was also able to stir deeper emotions with his performances in *The Human Comedy*, *Captains Courageous*, *National Velvet* and *Boys Town*.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer regards this versatility so expansively that it pays Rooney \$5,000 a week for 40 weeks a year. On the whole, the studio considers itself fortunate to be able to do so. For one thing, there is his enormous value at the box office and, for another, there is his tractability. There was, however, a period when Rooney presented certain problems to his studio. At one juncture, Louis B. Mayer, head of M-G-M, endeavored to analyze the reason.

"The only trouble with Mickey," he explained, "is he should be surrounded by people who say 'Let's go bowling,' instead of 'Let's get some dames.'"

Rooney himself recognizes that he has adopted a more conciliatory attitude toward his employers. "Just one word from me," he likes to say, "and I do as they please."

Although Rooney professes to belittle his strenuous infancy by joking that his own children won't go to work until they are four or five, he likes to point out gravely that at the age of 12, after six years of playing the title role in the Mickey

McGuire comedies, he appeared to be through as a performer. During an interview with Stanley Frank last summer, he poured out his feelings on this subject.

"People," he complained bitterly, "look at me today and say, 'There's a lucky bum who got all the breaks.' Nuts! Did anybody help me when I beat out 275 kids for the McGuire part? When Mom and I didn't have enough to eat, I made a screen test for Paramount. It's still on the shelf. I played second fiddle at M-G-M to Freddie Bartholomew and Jackie Cooper for years. Where are they today?"

"I was the biggest money-maker in the joint, and I was getting a lousy \$750 a week. Yeah, I got the breaks—all in the neck!"

If anything, Rooney, with unaccustomed restraint, was understating the case. For while it is true that his income from pictures, radio and personal appearances is figured at up to \$750,000 a year, it is likewise true that he once delivered the *Hollywood Citizen News* in order to keep his mother and himself from starvation. And while it is indisputable that he is a brash young man with a vast ego and a passion for racing cars and tall girls, it is also undeniable that he is a shrewd enough businessman to have incorporated himself against the impositions which beset Hollywood personalities.

Rooney's worries would appear to be largely occupational. Last January, when he returned from a none-too-successful appearance in London, he went to see *High Button Shoes*. After the performance he dropped backstage to see Phil Silvers, star of the show and a rather

close friend. An onlooker who happened to be in the dressing room recalls the incident with mingled horror and disbelief.

"Good Lord," he says, "here is Phil in his first big Broadway part and this guy—this *star*—comes backstage and what does he say? Does he congratulate Phil on his performance? Does he say he enjoyed the show? Not that Rooney. Instead he says, 'Phil, lemme show you the act I did in London.' And then he goes through the whole routine."

When this is mentioned to Silvers, an extraordinarily kind man, he waves it aside. "Mick," he says, more by way of annotation than excuse, "has got so much talent. That kid's got *so* much talent."

ROONEY, THE SON OF Joe Yule and Nell Carter, was born in Brooklyn on September 23, 1920. His mother was a chorus girl and his father a prop man, later a comic, with the Irons & Clamage vaudeville unit. Rooney was only nine days old when his mother set out with him for the Newark theater where she was to rejoin the company. Not excepting the two years he served in the Army, he has never been away from show business since.

Old-time performers remember him as an *enfant terrible* around the theater. When his work failed to receive the applause he thought it merited, he was capable of towering rage. "I didn't get no claps," he would scream as he came off stage.

Chorus girls who appeared on the same bill recall that he was constantly pilfering their cold cream and powder puffs in order to polish a toy automobile which the company manager had given him.

Even in those years he fancied himself as much of a musician as he does today, and spent long hours trying to master the violin and the trombone. During one performance, when he failed to appear on-stage, he was located in the orchestra pit, blowing aggressively but vainly into a tin trombone.

All in all, however, those were pleasant years for Mickey, whose salary was more than sufficient to provide the scallops on which he gorged himself in the murky dining rooms of theatrical hotels. But, as would appear inevitable in the case of talented children, there was the prospect of gold in the Hollywood hills. So in 1925, Rooney and his mother, who had been divorced meantime, headed westward.

Mickey's debut in Hollywood was not auspicious. After his mother had turned down \$15 a week for him to play in *Our Gang* comedies, he got a job with a revue at the Orange Grove Theater. Following this, he portrayed a cigar-smoking midget in a Colleen Moore movie, *Orchids and Ermine*. All the while, his mother was managing a bungalow court in return for free lodging. As their funds ebbed, Rooney began delivering the *Citizen News*.

At this point, fate took a hand, for it was in the *News* that Mrs. Yule saw an advertisement, announcing auditions for boys to play the title role in a film based on Fontaine Fox's *Mickey McGuire* cartoons. It specified, however, that only dark-haired youngsters need apply.

Next morning, Mrs. Yule showed up with her son, whose corn-colored hair she had dyed brunette by liberal use of burnt cork. Legend says that the cork was beginning to run

onto his cheeks by the time he was interviewed. At any rate, his brashness got him the part, which paid \$50 a day. The salary was less rewarding than it might sound, however, since a short required only four days to make, and the studio produced only one a month.

In the next six years, Rooney, whose name had been legally changed to Mickey McGuire, appeared in 78 of these films and succeeded in establishing himself as a movie personality. Then he and his mother concluded that he might capitalize on his reputation and embark upon a vaudeville tour. They did not realize that vaudeville was already a dying institution, and after ten singularly unsuccessful weeks in the Midwest, they returned to Hollywood almost penniless.

The outlook was not encouraging. If the child was to get anywhere in pictures, he would have to do so by starting an entirely new career. For one thing, he was so identified with the character of McGuire that producers found it hard to visualize him as anyone else. Eventually, though, his indomitable belief in his own abilities began to reap rewards. Over a period of some 18 months, he played parts of varying importance in 40 pictures.

In 1935, on the strength of his performance in *Hide-Out*, he was given a contract by M-G-M. Shortly afterwards, he was loaned to Warner Brothers to play Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. This turned out to be far and away his most impressive performance and convinced M-G-M that it had a potential star under contract.

Rooney, however, disparages his interpretation of Puck. He claims

that a tobogganing accident in which he fractured his leg during production slowed him up so that he had none of his customary ebullience. To prove he knew his way around Shakespeare, he played Puck in person in the Hollywood Bowl the following summer.

Meanwhile, Mickey, who had changed his name to Rooney, was becoming a problem child around the M-G-M studio. He was, according to one of the schoolteachers who was responsible for his education, painfully conscious of his diminutive stature. His first act on arriving at the schoolhouse on the lot each morning was to stand beside the teacher to see if he had grown any during the night. She also recalls that he was a proficient student, not because of inspiration but because of his prodigious memory.

This memory, by the way, is one of his most bountiful endowments. Where other players spend the previous night laboring to master their parts, he arrives on the set, reads his lines over once and delivers them as flawlessly as he did *Pal of My Cradle Days* at the age of two.

Everything considered, Rooney must have indeed proved bewildering even in the unorthodox world that is Hollywood. He would excuse himself from a game of marbles to phone a bet to his bookmaker. Although he had acquired a reputation as a typical overindulged movie child, he had a knack of winning people by his vast humility. One of his favorite bits of appeasement was to address all older associates as "Uncle," and even though the ruse was transparent, they found it flattering.

Rooney is nothing if not disarm-

ing. One afternoon a few years ago, Porter Hall, a character actor, bristled when an acquaintance inquired what picture he was making.

"I'm making a picture with that little heel Mickey Rooney," said Hall. "I despise kid stars. If he says one thing out of the way, I'm walking off the set."

Hall was totally unprepared for what was to happen. On the morning the picture was to begin production, he was walking across the set when Rooney stepped from his dressing room.

"My name is Mickey Rooney," he said, extending his hand. "How are you, sir? I've admired you for a long time."

Rooney's willingness to help inexperienced players also endeared him to Metro personnel. He contributed considerably, for example, to the development of Lana Turner, Judy Garland, Esther Williams, Donna Reed and Kathryn Grayson, all of whom appeared with him in the Hardy series; Elizabeth Taylor, who was with him in *National Velvet*; and Butch Jenkins, who played in *National Velvet* and *The Human Comedy*. In fact, his handling of Jenkins is looked upon as a major triumph at M-G-M.

During one scene in *The Human Comedy*, Jenkins flatly refused to wear a long nightgown which his part required. After Clarence Brown, the director, had failed to persuade Jenkins to change his mind, Rooney asked if he might see what could be done. When Brown agreed, Mickey slipped into the robe himself. Studying him suspiciously, Jenkins said, "Why you wearing that?"

"You mean why'm I wearing this

nightgown?" said Rooney. "I'm wearing it because General MacArthur always wears one."

This bit of diplomacy did the trick and Jenkins almost tore the robe off Rooney in his eagerness to get into it himself.

Rooney delights in demonstrating his ability to handle people. During the making of *Killer McCoy*, in which he played his first adult role, he tried to supervise the production to such an extent that the director complained to the studio that he was being stripped of authority. As justified as it was, the complaint was futile, since Rooney is powerless to stifle his impulses.

"That Rooney!" an M-G-M colleague remarked recently. "He started talking at eight months and he hasn't shut up since."

ROONEY WAS 16 when he started a picture called *A Family Affair*. It was the first of the Hardy series and, although the role of Andy was a good deal less demanding than many others he has played, none has proved more popular. Acutely aware of Rooney's draw at the box office, the studio raised his salary to \$750 a week, a figure very low in terms of his real worth. But Rooney was a bachelor and not disposed to worry about finances.

When he wasn't playing a scene, he was seated at his piano on the set, composing popular songs and slaving over an opus which he speaks of as "my symphony." Judged by the fact that he has had only a dozen piano lessons in his life, Rooney is in several respects a rather remarkable musician. His popular songs, however, can be so called only by courtesy. Affecting

an unwonted demureness, he writes them under the name of "Larry Greenwood."

Rooney's "symphony" is a different matter. He acknowledges that he was aided in its composition by Eugene Zador, former dean of the Vienna Conservatory. Its first public performance proved to be quite a shock to any number of unsuspecting people.

On the night of January 19, 1941, Rooney was scheduled to appear, along with Irving Berlin, Raymond Massey, Ethel Barrymore and Nelson Eddy, at the Inauguration Gala in Constitution Hall in Washington. All afternoon he fretted over the fact that his impersonations would not befit the pomp and circumstance of the occasion. So just before the ceremonies were to start he decided to play his symphony, which he calls *Melodante*.

As he approached the piano, most of the 3,844 people in the audience began to titter. Their merriment grew louder as he pulled up his sleeves and announced that he was about to give the first performance of his three-movement symphony. But as he began to play, the amusement began to subside and presently the huge hall was hushed except for the music.

At the end of 19 minutes and *Melodante*, he arose and bowed to the wildest applause of the evening. While this ovation can scarcely be interpreted as an unqualified endorsement of Rooney as a blossoming Beethoven, it was nevertheless an unmistakable tribute to his versatility as an entertainer.

M-G-M executives breathed a sigh of relief when, on January 10, 1942, Rooney married Ava Gard-

ner, whom he had met during the making of a Hardy picture. Notwithstanding the fact that he had never presented a really serious problem, his habit of taking tall, handsome and possibly scheming girls to night clubs could have had upsetting consequences.

For another thing, although Rooney has never shown much fondness for alcohol, the studio realized that even an occasional nip might have created difficulties. "When Mick's tight," a friend has said, "he's 12 feet tall."

Everything considered, marriage promised to impose a certain desirable discipline upon him. It was therefore something of a blow to Metro when he resumed his bachelorhood a year later.

Mickey was drafted into the Army in June, 1944. Shortly afterwards, he was sent overseas to entertain the troops for 18 months. A few days before his departure he married Betty Jane Rase of Birmingham, Alabama. However, the Rooneys, who have two children—Timothy Hayes and Mickey, Jr.,—are now divorced.

With his discharge from the Army in April, 1946, Rooney returned to a Hollywood that seemed beset with troubles for him. For one thing, he was in serious debt. It is not difficult to realize why when one realizes his zest for betting on the races. Generally speaking, however, he had always been victimized by his own lack of business acumen. So in order to straighten out his tangled affairs, Rooney incorporated himself.

Precisely what transpires at Rooney, Inc., a handsome two-story building on Sunset Boulevard

in Hollywood, is pretty much a secret shared only by the participants. The business head is Sam Steifel, who formerly operated theaters in Philadelphia. Rooney's mother, now married to Fred Pankey, an employee of Rooney, Inc., reputedly receives \$25,000 a year from the corporation.

The organization has achieved wonders in the way of making Rooney solvent. Inasmuch as his contract with M-G-M expired while he was in the Army, it was possible for one of his associates to negotiate his present contract. Rooney, Inc., also sold his services to the Columbia Broadcasting System for the half-hour dramatic show called *Shorty Bell*. For a time, one of the regular members of the cast was Rooney's father, Joe Yule.

Not the least of the corporation's aids to Rooney has been its employment of a shrewd publicist. Irving Yergin, former reporter in Chicago, has built up an imposing amount of favorable publicity and good will. It is not likely, however, that anything, including favorable publicity, will ever alter Rooney.

He will, one assumes, go on being the George M. Cohan song-and-dance man, the Shakespearean actor, the song writer, the extrovert—toothy, shrivel-faced and irrepressible. Always he will be a strange blend of childishness and wisdom—the adult who strives to capture a childhood he never knew. And always there will be that talent, that virtuosity, which has made him one of the greatest individuals in the history of entertainment.

Signs of



the Times

A building had this sign posted on it. "For Sale. Any reasonable offer will be rejected."

—Copper's Farmer

Sign on a California lingerie shop: "Sally's Pantee Shantee."

—MARY E. BUCHANAN

This notice appeared briefly on the bulletin board of a government machine shop: "Girls: If your sweater is too large for you, look out for the machines. If you are too large for the sweater, look out for the machinists."

The postwar slogan: "Two families in every garage."

—P. H. D. SHERIDAN

The city of Pittsburgh advertised for a street sweeper and a naturalist. The former had to have an eighth-grade education, the latter a college diploma in natural science. The salaries: for the street sweeper, \$4,177 a year; for the naturalist, \$2,329 a year.

—HAROLD HELFER

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Want to Buy ON CREDIT?

You'll find it a great convenience, provided you buy wisely and pay bills promptly

by MARY JACOBS

\$A YOUNG HUSBAND in Brookline, Massachusetts, liked to boast of his spot-cash policy. "As long as I live," he kept repeating to his bride, Margaret, "we won't owe a cent." Sneering at friends who bought furniture on the "dollar-down, dollar-a-week-for-the-rest-of-their-lives" installment plan, he refused to let Margaret open charge accounts at local shops.

But when she fell dangerously ill of a brain tumor, Tom belatedly realized the importance of having a good credit rating. Since he was a stranger at local banks, they refused an immediate loan of the \$1,000 needed for medical expenses. The young husband was harassed by worry before he could scrape the money together from friends and relatives.

When Margaret recovered, the young couple promptly opened a savings account at the bank and arranged for a small loan. Tom was careful to pay the installments on schedule, to prove his reliability. He also had Margaret open charge accounts at her favorite stores. Within a few months, the couple had

established a valuable credit rating as responsible Brookline citizens.

If it is important to establish a good credit rating, it is equally important to maintain it—as a young Michigan woman found out the hard way. Her husband was transferred from Detroit to a small town in Illinois while they still owed several hundred dollars on furnishings they had bought on installments. The advent of a baby had caused them to fall behind in payments; now the cost of moving made it impossible for them to catch up.

Mary didn't want to worry her husband with dunning notices from the store: she was sure they could resume paying once they were settled in their new home. But one afternoon while she was entertaining neighbors at tea, the doorbell rang. A truck driver had come to take back the radio, even the chairs on which her guests sat! Mary's tearful protestations of honesty had no effect whatever.

"Sorry, lady, but orders are orders," said the driver, and carted the furniture away.

Instead of risking such social and

economic disaster, Mary should have explained her predicament to the store's credit manager. He might have arranged for small payments without affecting the family's credit standing. How was he to know that they intended to pay, when they disregarded his letters and moved the furniture from the state without notification?

Or the couple could have placed their problem before the local branch manager of the Associated Credit Bureaus of America. He would have worked out a satisfactory plan of payment for them without extra charge.

That is what a New York woman did when her husband died, leaving a stack of unpaid bills and little cash. A. B. Buckridge, executive manager of the Credit Bureau of Greater New York, Inc., arranged a moratorium with creditors until she got a job. Each week she gave him whatever she could and he prorated it among the stores. As a result, her credit rating was unimpaired.

WITH THE COST OF LIVING spiraling, credit becomes more important every day. This does not mean, however, that Mr. and Mrs. America should go on a splurge of installment buying, or say "Charge it, please" indiscriminately. Nor does it mean that they must tighten their belts and forego the new car, washing machine, stove or refrigerator for which they have been waiting impatiently. It means, instead, that they must understand what credit buying involves, and thus get the maximum return for each dollar.

The Associated Credit Bureau, largest credit center in the world, is

the place to get information. A key figure in the organization is tall, ruddy-checked A. B. Buckridge, head of the New York Bureau and its executive manager since 1929. He has helped to set up more than 100 affiliated bureaus throughout the United States. You may never even have heard about the agency, but chances are they know a great deal about you (perhaps including some things you would rather forget), for they keep tabs on 50,000,000 Americans.

If you have ever charged a suit of clothes, leased an apartment or been involved in a lawsuit, you have established your own credit. When you move to another community, the complete file of information about you is available to local tradesmen, doctors and others who belong to the local bureau.

There are 1,400 affiliates of the Associated Credit Bureau in the U. S., employing thousands of people to clip newspapers for marriage, birth and death notices, court reports and other pertinent information. In New York alone, 50 investigators scurry around, interviewing such dependable sources of credit information as landlords, employers, neighbors and local merchants. In addition, various bureau members forward details of their customers' paying habits.

So diligent are they in exchanging data that in a normal month some 6,000 notices of delinquent accounts are flashed to the New York office. Has a \$50 check bounced? Has a salary been garnisheed? These items are automatically relayed to stores where the individuals have credit accounts. And if speed is essential, the reports are sent out by

wire, messenger, Teletype or Tel-Autograph.

Not long ago, a Teletype inquiry came to the Manhattan office about a woman in Brooklyn. A department store wanted to know why her purchases had suddenly jumped from \$100 a month to \$1,000. An investigator took her master card from the files, called her husband and found that the couple had separated. But the woman was still using his credit. The husband had her account closed and the information was flashed to the waiting credit manager.

Perhaps you have had the experience of walking into a shop and selecting a particular item. You didn't have enough money to pay for it, so the salesman suggested opening a charge account. Twenty minutes later you walked out with your purchase.

Now don't flatter yourself that this happened merely because the credit manager could "see from your face that you were honest." On the contrary, he had requested and received your credit record within a few minutes by TelAutograph, an instrument which transmits handwriting over wires.

Thirty years ago, while he was working as a reporter for a Texas newspaper, Buckeridge learned that the "old eyeball method" of judging people by appearances was all wrong. "One day," he recalls, "I was in the Mayor's office when an old lady in a wrinkled dress wandered in. She looked like a scrub woman and I paid no attention. But next day I heard plenty from my city editor: the rival paper had scooped us. The old woman was one of the town's wealthiest citizens

and had been waiting to give the Mayor a \$100,000 donation for a memorial park!"

If you examine Buckeridge's credit card, you will find that his next job was assistant secretary of the Chamber of Commerce at Port Huron, Michigan, where his duties included amassing credit information for local merchants. Realizing the need for a central clearing office, he became a pioneer in the nation's credit field.

You will also learn from Buckeridge's credit card that he bought his car, his piano, his vacuum cleaner and washing machine on the installment plan; that even for cross-country business trips, he uses the rail travel-card plan, being billed a month after his return.

BUCKERIDGE WAS ONE of the originators of the idea of pooling accounts to help individuals rehabilitate their credit. Mr. X appealed to him for help 20 years ago: an extravagant wife had saddled him with debts; worry was interfering with his work. But he was honest and wanted to pay off every cent. Buckeridge arranged with Mr. X's creditors to stop dunning him while the Bureau pooled their accounts and paid each a proportionate amount weekly.

Today, the hub of the national organization is located in St. Louis, where the general manager is Harold A. Wallace. St. Louis is also headquarters of the National Retail Credit Association, in which bureau managers and some 24,000 other credit executives from all fields of business hold membership. At state, district and national meetings of the organization, credit bureaus and

their users get together on current policies, procedures and equipment.

Many Credit Bureaus are privately owned, but the majority are membership corporations or stock corporations owned and operated by the credit-granting firms. They often function as a branch of the local Retail Merchants' Associations or the Chamber of Commerce.

Users of Credit Bureau service include every type of business and profession. Department stores, specialty shops, grocers, drugstores, hotels, banks, hospitals, physicians, dentists, theater-ticket agencies, chain stores, finance companies, auto dealers, small loan companies, real-estate firms, music shops, brokerage houses, public utilities, dairies, coal and oil companies, art galleries, bookshops, publishers, clubs and associations are only some of the many bureau subscribers.

A bureau's up-to-the-minute reference file serves varied purposes. If a landlord member is interested in a tenant's living habits as well as in his promptness in paying rent, he can request data on the applicant's past record.

One man who always paid his rent on the dot was turned down for a new apartment because he kept a menagerie of cats, dogs and monkeys; another failed to get an apartment because he removed expensive fixtures and held uproarious parties.

Employers likewise receive personal reports on prospective employees and business associates. A junior executive was passed over recently for the job of head cashier in a woolen-goods house. His boss didn't mince words.

"Your work is highly satisfac-

tory," he said, "but we can't take a chance on letting a man with your poor credit rating handle large sums of money."

The young executive was mystified until his wife admitted that she had owed four local merchants amounts ranging up to \$300 for more than a year. Her tearful explanation that she didn't think it mattered *when* she paid—as long as she paid eventually—failed to help her husband.

WHEN IS A MAN CONSIDERED a good credit risk? It doesn't depend on his income, the number of his charge accounts or how much he spends. It depends primarily on his promptness in paying. Anyone remitting in 30 to 60 days is considered A-1. In installment buying or in making payments on a loan, if he pays on the scheduled date, he is rated tops.

Capital, capacity and character are the bureau's guides in evaluating risks. Character comes first. How long has an applicant lived at his present address? How long has he kept his job?

Rent used to be a major consideration, but in light of today's housing shortage, credit investigators realize that a \$12,000-a-year man may be glad to grab a \$50-a-month apartment, while a \$40 clerk may have to pay \$65 a month just to find a place to sleep.

While no bit of adverse credit information is ever scrapped, a man's status changes with his paying habits. Back in 1935, for example, while he was still married to his first wife, a resident of New Jersey rated poorly as a credit risk. His card reveals that it took him three

to six months to pay obligations: rent, gas and electric bills were often in arrears.

Five years ago he divorced his wife and remarried. How the picture has changed! The charge accounts list regular 30-to-60-day payments, utility bills are honored the day they are due. He has a four-figure savings account, owns his home and enjoys a top credit rating.

Would-be credit buyers who have never had a charge account or bought on the installment plan should call on the store's credit manager and tell him frankly anything he wants to know about income, obligations, rent and savings accounts. Don't hide any negative facts: he will uncover them anyway. If he is convinced that you are honest and can afford to buy on credit, he will gladly approve your purchases.

But once you have opened an account, don't make a practice of returning merchandise just because it is easy to do so. One young lady in Washington charged a new dance frock each Friday for three consecutive weeks. Back the dress would come the following Monday, perfectly pressed. The credit man reasoned that she was trying to impress her Saturday-night date. On her fourth visit, she was politely turned down.

So reliable are the records of the Credit Bureau that department stores average a loss of only four-tenths of one per cent on their total charge accounts. And this during a period when, according to J. Gordon Dakins of the National Retail Dry Goods Association, retail credit sales are approaching the rate of 28 billions annually, of which eight

billions represent installment purchases and the other 20 billions charge accounts.

Both rich and poor alike use credit. Yet there's a mistaken idea that the rich pay their bills only once or twice a year. It just isn't so. Also, most celebrities pay their bills promptly. Very few find themselves in the fix of the Hollywood star who was offered a leading role in a Broadway show. While his current film was being completed, rehearsals were held in Hollywood.

The day before the company was to fly East, the actor wired the astonished New York producer that he could not fulfill his contract. Years before, he had left a pile of unpaid bills in New York; and if he returned, he feared his creditors would pounce on him with a flock of legal summonses.

The distraught producer took his problem to the Credit Bureau. After a brief talk, he was reassured: "You'll be able to open on schedule." Then the Bureau's investigator called all the creditors together and arranged to apportion a percentage of the star's salary among them. In return, they promised not to harass the actor.

The star arrived. The play was a huge success and before it closed the actor was given receipts in full for all his old debts.

IN AMERICA TODAY, the extension of credit is an essential part of our standard of living. When they are carefully used, installment buying, charge accounts or loans from banks and finance companies can help us purchase furniture and appliances to maintain the efficiency of our homes. They can also help

us accumulate the wardrobe, cars and vacation funds that enhance our business standing and make life more enjoyable.

Most Americans know how much they can afford to spend on credit purchases, and when their income drops they retrench. It's a good idea, when the family moves to another city, to visit the local credit office and establish responsibility with the local stores. They are just as anxious to keep accounts in good standing as are the customers, and will try to help anyone who needs special consideration.

To each of us there may come a period of financial stress. Should

this happen to you, don't wait for creditors to dun. If the amount is small, go to each one and explain your predicament. If there are a number of creditors and you cannot cope with the situation, consult your local credit bureau. In friendly fashion it will try to arrange a moratorium or work out a plan by which you may pay your debts in small, scheduled installments.

Credit is your most valuable asset, says the credit man. So use it soundly and well. As millions of American families have wisely learned, it can add immeasurably to the pleasures and comforts of everyday living.



Words—and Meanings

A YOUNG FRENCH GIRL visiting the United States was introduced one day to an elderly bishop who, she was informed, was about to celebrate his golden wedding.

"What is a 'golden wedding'?" she said. "We do not have it in France."

"That," replied the bishop, "means that this woman and I have lived together 50 years."

"Ah, that is beautiful!" thrilled the young woman. "So now you are getting married."

—JOHN NEWTON BAKER

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A SCHOOLTEACHER told her pupils to listen to their parents' conversation and if they heard a new word, to look up its meaning in the dictionary and write a sentence using the word properly. The next day she asked Johnny what new word he had learned. He replied that he had heard the word "pregnant," which the dictionary defined as "to carry a child."

The teacher asked, "Have you a sentence in which you have used the word?"

"Yes, ma'am," he replied. "The fireman climbed a ladder into the burning building and came down pregnant."

—*Speakers Magazine*

Grin and share it

Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN

THE MAN GOT OFF A TRAIN, green in the face. A friend who met him asked him what was wrong. "Train sickness," said the traveler. "I'm always deathly sick when I ride backwards on a train."

"Why didn't you ask the man sitting opposite you to change with you?" asked the friend.

"I thought of that," replied the traveler, "but there wasn't anybody there."

—CARLTON AJAYS

IT WAS SPRING in the country. "How's sentiment out here?" asked a visiting politician.

"Still going strong," answered a farmer. "There were eight cars parked in my lane last night."

—JOHN T. SINSAPAUGH

A MINISTER, SUBSTITUTING for a friend in a remote country parish, was greatly surprised on observing the old verger, who had been taking up the collection, quietly abstract a fifty-cent piece before presenting the plate at the altar rail. After service he called the old

man into the vestry and told him with some emotion that his crime had been discovered.

The old man looked puzzled for a moment. Then a sudden light dawned on him.

"Why, sir, you don't mean that old half-dollar of mine? I've led off with that for the last fifteen years!"

—MARIAN PEHOWSKI

A MAINE FARMER and his wife were making their first visit to California. They took a sight-seeing tour along the shore of the Pacific and seemed quite impressed with it.

"You know, Sam," his wife observed, "the Pacific Ocean is twice the size of the Atlantic."

The farmer shaded his eyes from the sun and gazed critically out toward the horizon.

"Yeah," he nodded, reluctantly, "I guess it is, at that."

—THELMA MONTCRIEF

IN A FASHIONABLE restaurant, a new millionaire with no knowledge of French and no desire to expose his ignorance pointed to a line on the menu and said to the waiter: "I'll have some of that."

"I'm sorry, sir," replied the waiter, "but the band is playing that now."

—JACK SEAMAN

FRANK BLACK, NBC's musical director, was once leading a group of musicians in a concert of favorite tunes. Suddenly all the lights in the studio went out. Knowing that the show had to go on, and being a gentleman who makes decisions quickly, Mr. Black instructed the orchestra to play *The Stars and Stripes Forever* — which, with *The Star-Spangled Banner*, is probably the

only piece any orchestra can play at any time without printed music.

There were ten minutes left for the broadcast and the grave men of music played the song over and over. Thirty seconds before sign-off time, the announcer switched on his mike and said, "Frank Black and the orchestra have played *The Stars and Stripes* (slight pause, slight chuckle) *FOREVER*."

—*The Victor Book of Musical Fun*
published by Simon and Schuster,
Inc., copyright 1945 by TED COTT

A TRAVELER WHO had once spent some time in Alaska was being questioned by a curious friend.

"Tell me," he inquired, "is it as cold up there as they say?"

"Well," said the traveler, "they do have very short summers. If I recall correctly, the year I was there it was on a Wednesday."

—FROM WALTER WINCHELL'S column

TWO MEN BOARDED a passenger plane in Los Angeles for the first air trip in their respective lives. When the transport came down at Dallas, they saw a little red truck speed out to its side to refuel it. They noticed a little red truck again in their stop at Nashville. The same thing happened at Washington. As they left Washington for New York, one of them looked at his watch.

"We're making wonderful time!" he said.

"Yes," nodded the other, "and that little red truck isn't doing so bad either!"

—LLOYD GONZALES

A ROMANCE OF long standing had gone on the rocks and a friend was questioning the would-be

groom. "Why, after all these years," he queried, "did you break your engagement to Ruth?"

"Well," replied the other sadly, "I only did to the engagement what the engagement did to me."

—ROSE LEVITAS

SAID ARTHUR GODFREY, speaking of strapless gowns: "Oh, are those things designed? I thought a girl just threw a couple of pieces of satin around her, took a deep breath and said, 'Now, behave yourself!'"

—Arthur Godfrey's *Talent Scouts*, CBS

NOTICING A PIECE of paper fluttering under the windshield wiper of a new car parked in the street, a curious New Yorker stopped to read it. On the paper was neatly written: "Attorney—I am inside attending to business."

Below, also neatly written, was this: "Policeman—I attended to mine outside." And on the door was a parking ticket.

—EDDIE JAFFE

AN OLD NEGRO ONCE SAID, "When I prays for de Lawd to sen' me a turkey, nuffin happens. But when I prays for de Lawd to sen' me after a turkey, den de Lawd gits results."

—From *How to Hold an Audience Without a Rope*, by JOSH LEE, published by Ziff-Davis

Have you heard a funny story lately? Why not pass it on? Coronet invites readers to contribute their favorite anecdotes for "Grin and Share It." Payment for accepted stories will be made upon publication. Address material to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Grin and Share It" contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.

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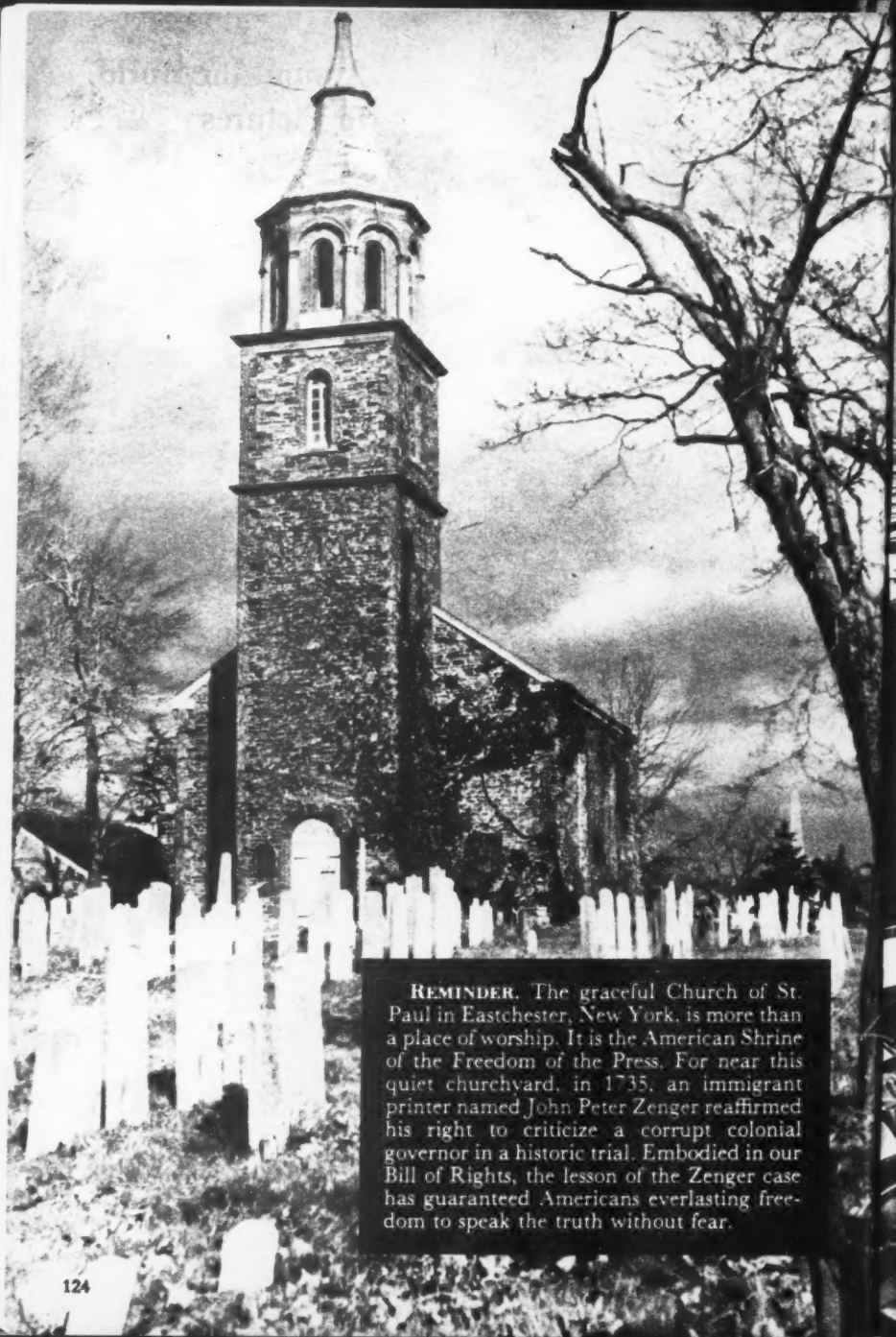
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Around the World in Pictures

TESTER. Veiled by smoke, this man holds the symbol of his unique profession—he is a match-tester. In the various safety tests which he conducts, he will blow out as many as 3,000 matches in a single day. Years ago, the price and dangerous unreliability of matches limited their use to the wealthy and the brave. Now, thanks to the miracle of mass production, matches cost each of us an average of only 31 cents a year, and safety is insured by expert testers, like the man above.

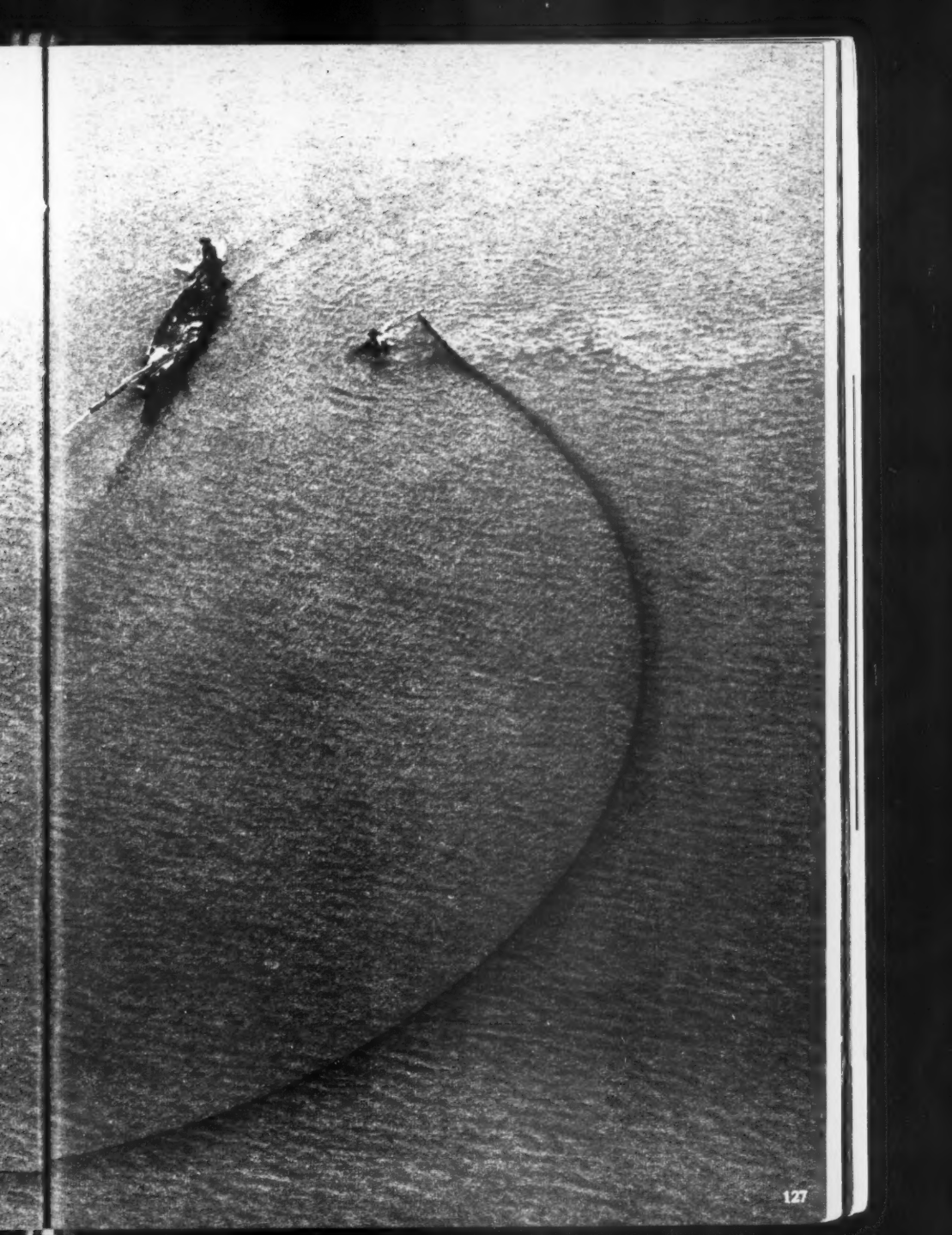


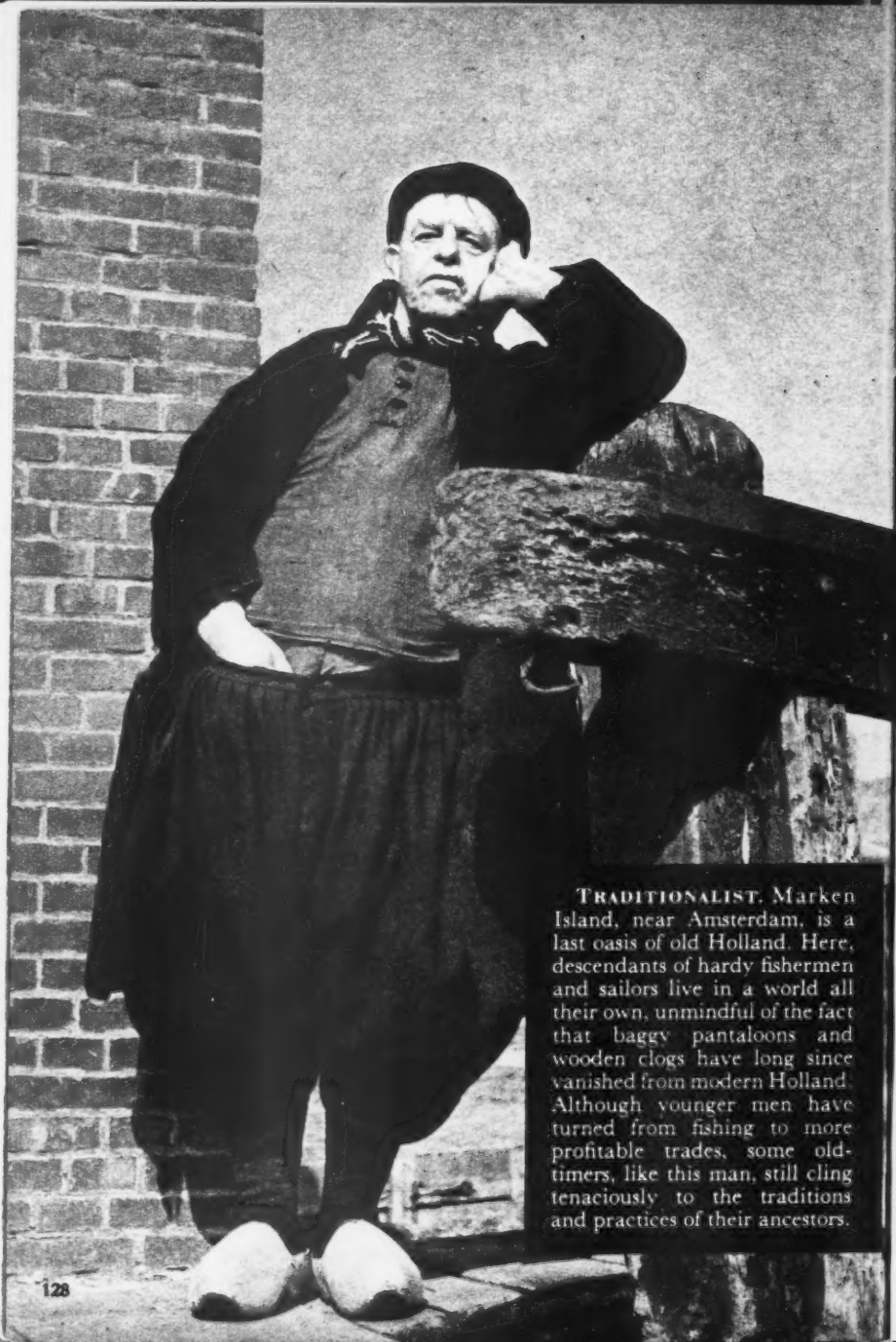
REMINDER. The graceful Church of St. Paul in Eastchester, New York, is more than a place of worship. It is the American Shrine of the Freedom of the Press. For near this quiet churchyard, in 1735, an immigrant printer named John Peter Zenger reaffirmed his right to criticize a corrupt colonial governor in a historic trial. Embodied in our Bill of Rights, the lesson of the Zenger case has guaranteed Americans everlasting freedom to speak the truth without fear.



MEDAL MASTER. British-born Don Hatswell, movie-industry expert on uniforms, medals and national dress, can spot an incorrect military decoration a block away. Though he hardly remembers when his interest in "shiny things" began, his quick eye and boundless knowledge have kept Czarist medals off movie GIs and averted countless other costume errors since 1922. One of pictureland's outstanding technical advisers, Hatswell is also one of America's foremost authorities in this glittering field.

NET FULL. Halfway around the globe, 15,000 miles from Chicago and Iowa City, fishing involves more than a line and a hook. Here, in the clear waters of northeastern Sumatra, fish have been caught with equipment and methods as old as the islands. One man propels a small boat (*proa*) and two men swim at each end of a seine net (*payang pinggir*). Together they approach a school of fish in the teeming coastal waters and close in. (*Belou*) Their catch ensnared, they head for shore, dragging up to 300 pounds of fish — food staple for the natives of the Netherland East Indies.





TRADITIONALIST. Marken Island, near Amsterdam, is a last oasis of old Holland. Here, descendants of hardy fishermen and sailors live in a world all their own, unmindful of the fact that baggy pantaloons and wooden clogs have long since vanished from modern Holland. Although younger men have turned from fishing to more profitable trades, some old-timers, like this man, still cling tenaciously to the traditions and practices of their ancestors.

KILLER. In the Philippine jungles where he lives, this startling creature is considered an evil spirit. Zoologists call him tarsier and have only recently brought him to captivity. Deadly to lizards because of knife-edged teeth and the finger-like claws on his feet which enable him to cling to his victims, the tarsier is a half pound of unlimited ferocity. He looks like a monkey, sleeps by day like a bat and bounds along like a kangaroo—one of the most remarkable members of the animal kingdom.



STORY TELLER. In a dance called *tandava*, Ram Gopal, one of India's best-known dancers, tells of the destruction and recreation of the earth by *Siva*, the Hindu god. Folk dancers, like Ram Gopal, help replace the printed word in bringing to millions of illiterate Indians the stories of their ancient religion.



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OCT

Ever Tried Psychology on Your Dog?

by MICKELL NOVAK
and WALTER SELTZER



A veterinarian who has treated some tricky patients
offers hints on how to keep your pet happy and well

THE PHONE JANGLED with an urgency that bespoke the caller's excitement. The doctor listened as the woman related her complaint. "It's just no use, Doctor!" she cried. "Buster simply *can't* use that leg. I'm sure something terrible happened when you set the fracture. After all, it's been four or five weeks now and he absolutely refuses to put any weight on the leg."

Stanley R. Cooper, veterinarian of Beverly Hills, California, pondered the problem only briefly, for he had long believed that animals were subject to psychoses and mental disturbances, not unlike their human masters.

"Bring the pup in," said Cooper, "and we'll look him over."

Buster suffered the annoyances of a thorough physical examination, and next of having one of his good legs doubled at the joint and bound

securely. The animal's mistress watched the doctor's manipulations dubiously, then braced herself for Buster's collapse when Dr. Cooper lowered him gently onto the floor. Buster stood there, weaving unsteadily. Then Fate took a hand.

A woman entered the surgery, bearing a large cat. Buster harked to the feline voice and took off like a jet plane in the cat's direction.

"His leg!" shrieked the owner joyously. "He used his bad leg!"

Tabby's propitious entrance had merely served as a catalytic agent for Dr. Cooper's experiment. "Buster was a hypochondriac," he recalls. "He enjoyed the extra attention lavished on him as a result of his injury, and if this condition had continued for any length of time, the leg might actually have become impaired."

Graduated from Ohio State Uni-

versity in 1941, Dr. Cooper started early to apply psychology to the practice of medicine in his establishment. He believes only those pets should be hospitalized whose cases are so aggravated and/or specialized that they demand constant attention.

He maintains that many a hospitalized animal is slow to recuperate from physical ills, and sometimes fails to recover at all, owing to the mental shock of strange surroundings plus the suspicion that he has been deserted by his master.

"If your pet becomes ill," says Cooper, "take him to the veterinarian for diagnosis and prescribed treatment, then administer to him at home in familiar surroundings. With such personalized care, the dog's recovery is usually hastened."

In most instances, the doctor believes, the dog reflects his owner's personality. And it follows that canine neuroses are traceable to neurotic environment at home and the eccentricities of the people with whom the dog associates.

Take this typical case: Bobby, a wire-haired fox terrier, lived with an extremely high-strung and argumentative family. A normal dog when he joined the household, Bobby soon gave way to fits of barking, became irritable and crotchety, and seemed to show symptoms of ulcers.

Dr. Cooper performed the usual tests and found nothing physically wrong. Finally, suspecting emotional disturbance, he prescribed mild sedatives and a two-week vacation for the pup—away from the family. After the first week of rest, Bobby's disposition improved, a skin rash disappeared, his appetite returned, and barking was pro-

voked only by the appearance of stray cats. Now, convinced of the soundness of Dr. Cooper's theories, the family sends Bobby to a farm twice a year for recuperative change.

ANIMAL NEUROSES FREQUENTLY follow the same pattern as those of their human counterparts. For instance, the jealousy complex and its manifestations. Take the case of Maxim, a Doberman pinscher whose home life was happy and normal. Soon after his owners acquired a new pet, a cocker spaniel, Maxim began to revert to his youth and became completely *un-housebroken*. The more his owners punished, the more the dog forgot his training. Organic trouble was suspected, but after examination Dr. Cooper gave the Doberman a clean bill of health.

"There's just one answer," he told the worried owners. "Maxim is jealous of the puppy. He is just doing something to call attention to himself. First try giving the older dog more open affection. If that fails, eliminate the cause—get rid of the new pup."

In nine cases out of ten, the first strategy works immediately. When it doesn't, the second method is a sure cure. It may break the owners' hearts to give up a friendly pup, but it is better than breaking the heart of the older dog.

Frequently a canine mental quirk results from overindulgence on the master's part. In this situation, Dr. Cooper finds that childless couples, who must lavish affection on something warm and alive, are generally the worst offenders.

Queenie, a Harlequin great Dane, came into his life one night

when her owner (childless) pounded on the office door. "Doctor," she cried, "my dog hasn't slept in three nights. She is listless, refuses food, won't even drink water. Something is terribly wrong."

Dr. Cooper coaxed Queenie to the examining table and checked her carefully. Physically she was in top condition—only a little lean from her three-day fast. The doctor pondered a moment.

"Has there been any change at your house?" he asked the owner.

"Change?" said the woman. "Why, no. But ever since my husband left . . ."

"So your husband is away? Is he very attentive to the dog?"

"They're inseparable."

Dr. Cooper advised the woman to put an old sweater of her husband's in the dog's bed each night. The smell of her beloved master turned the trick. Queenie slept like a top, and quickly regained her appetite and good spirits.

Like a lot of humans, dogs are subject to fits of depression, the result of any number of causes—punishment for something they did not do, jealousy, lack of attention. Even dog suicides are not unknown. One of the commonest causes of canine depression is sensitivity—and some pets who have been laughed at go into the sulks.

One of Dr. Cooper's case histories concerns a German shepherd so shamed by his strange appearance following a coat clipping that he almost drowned while trying to hide in the family swimming pool. In similar circumstances, other dogs

have attempted to cover their embarrassment by rolling in mud or ducking under the house for days at a time.

If your dog really requires defurring for the summer, Dr. Cooper urges that you refrain from raucous laughter at his strange appearance, and even suggests that mirrors in which the dog might look at himself be covered.

DR. COOPER HIMSELF is an ardent pet lover, and until the housing shortage forced him into a trailer with his wife and baby, he owned a monkey, two skunks, four cats, five dogs and a parrot. A firm believer in the simple life, he wouldn't dream of letting his two collies sleep indoors.

"Full-coated dogs shouldn't be made into house pets," he says. "Nature cannot

be improved upon, and since most dogs were created for enjoying the great outdoors, they should be allowed to spend the major part of their time there."

Even as it has therapeutic value in the treatment of human mental ailments, some types of music, according to Cooper, have beneficial effect on animals. Hence a radio plays constantly in his surgery and post-operative ward. Hillbilly music is taboo because it causes dogs to howl. Symphonies are frowned upon because they engender nervousness. Strangely enough, jive and swing have the most soothing effect on canine patients.

The dog owner, according to Dr.



Cooper, should assume *all* the responsibilities of ownership, not merely because it is the kind thing to do but because only through intelligent treatment can he get full enjoyment from his pet. It is also Cooper's opinion that dogs should receive the same consideration as humans, as witness the now-classic local story of the couple who brought their Saint Bernard to him, complaining that one of the dog's back legs was almost useless.

Dr. Cooper discovered a malformation of the hip joint, and could

only suggest some sort of brace to enable the dog to navigate. To get technical advice he phoned one of the foremost orthopedic surgeons in the city.

The couple listened anxiously as Cooper outlined the equipment he required. There was a sudden pause on the veterinarian's end of the wire as the apparently outraged orthopedic man blew off steam. Then Cooper's face flushed.

"Now, wait a minute, Doctor," he cried, "just because this fellow happens to be a dog . . ."



Life with "Teddy" Roosevelt

THE EBULLIENT Theodore (Teddy) Roosevelt, with his snapping teeth, square jaw muscles, and hard voice, overwhelmed all whom he met except one frail little girl—his daughter, Alice.

"Teddy" had a flair for the dramatic and enjoyed impressing people with his daring. "I've just bought a new horse, a wild and high-spirited animal," he once told a visiting guest. "I'll ride him for the first time and show you how it's done."

"But Mr. President," protested the guest, "that's dangerous. You're sure to get hurt."

"Tut, tut. Danger is what I dote on," replied T. R.

"Why, father," said Alice, who happened to be present. "That horse is tame as a kitten. I've ridden him every day for a week."

On another occasion a group of Republican leaders called on Teddy at his Oyster Bay home and found him near a barn, coatless and mopping his brow. "Delighted to see you," said the President, "although I am busy putting in my hay. We can talk while I work."

When they reached the barn, T. R. found no hay ready to be thrown and shouted into the barn, "Where's that hay?"

From above appeared the head of little Alice, who replied: "Do you want the same hay that you forked up for yesterday's delegation?"

Years later, Alice purchased a picture at a famous art gallery and the manager beamed, "Yours is a great name, one we hear a great deal these days," he remarked.

"Yes," replied the very distant relative of F. D. R., "shocking isn't it?"

—P. H. D. SHERIDAN

Are You a Quick Thinker?



Your vocabulary may be large—but is it *responsive*? The chances are that you know every word required in this quick quiz—but can you think of it within a given time limit?

Each of the 45 words listed is a stimulus—you must supply the response. And every answer must satisfy two conditions: (1) It must start with the letter L, and (2) It must be *opposite* in meaning to the key word. For example, the answer to number 1 is *little*, to number 2, *low*.

Have someone time you, and take exactly three and one-half minutes. If you have a truly responsive vocabulary and if you can think faster than the average person, you will be able to fill in the correct answers to 32 or more of the key words. If your vocabulary is of average responsiveness, you will finish 25 to 31 answers in the time allotted.

If some of the responses stump you, keep right on going, and come back to them if you have the time. Remember, take only three and one-half minutes and be sure every answer starts with the letter L and is opposite in meaning to the key word. (Answers on page 152.)

KEY WORDS

- | | |
|------------------|--------|
| 1. Big | L..... |
| 2. High | L..... |
| 3. Idleness | L..... |
| 4. Shorten | L..... |
| 5. More | L..... |
| 6. Forbid | L..... |
| 7. Death | L..... |
| 8. Fat | L..... |
| 9. To drop | L..... |
| 10. Darkness | L..... |
| 11. Dissimilar | L..... |
| 12. Follow | L..... |
| 13. Truthful | L..... |
| 14. Sea | L..... |
| 15. Assets | L..... |
| 16. Soft | L..... |
| 17. Gain | L..... |
| 18. Short | L..... |
| 19. To stay | L..... |
| 20. Widespread | L..... |
| 21. To work | L..... |
| 22. To love | L..... |
| 23. Plain | L..... |
| 24. Repel | L..... |
| 25. Sanity | L..... |
| 26. Gentleman | L..... |
| 27. Solemn | L..... |
| 28. Stingy | L..... |
| 29. Unclear | L..... |
| 30. Unfaithful | L..... |
| 31. Hate | L..... |
| 32. Speechless | L..... |
| 33. Irrational | L..... |
| 34. Have | L..... |
| 35. Sluggish | L..... |
| 36. Figuratively | L..... |
| 37. Rejoice | L..... |
| 38. Solid | L..... |
| 39. Improbable | L..... |
| 40. Industrious | L..... |
| 41. Borrow | L..... |
| 42. Imprison | L..... |
| 43. Girl | L..... |
| 44. To separate | L..... |
| 45. Go | L..... |

When FATE Was My Patient

by FREDERIC M. LOOMIS, M.D.



How a chance encounter in Alaska's gold fields gave a young miner the faith and courage to resume an interrupted career

LATE ONE RAINY EVENING, though it still was light in the early summer of the North, a sloop tied up at the dock below my cabin in Alaska. In a short time two tired, ragged, rough-looking men appeared at my door, carrying duffel bags. They asked for a dry place to spread their blankets for the night. I invited them in cordially, though in another country I should have wanted to call the police.

I fixed food for them, and when they sat down the rougher-looking one took out his watch. To my amazement the gold key of Phi Beta Kappa flashed from the leather fob. I wondered where this tramp had found it: he did not have that contented look of a Phi Beta Kappa.

"How did you get that thing?" I asked him.

"Harvard gave it to me," he answered. "And it also gave me a degree or two. But this tough guy, my partner here, is only a Ph.D. from Yale. He's nothing but a Greek professor in season, and he's out of season now."

Their air was bantering, but they smiled in a superior way that seemed to say they really did not want me to feel ill at ease with them. I had forgotten that I had been down in a mine shaft all day and that in my old overalls, faded blue shirt and sprouting whiskers I looked a good deal like a tramp myself.

I turned to the tough guy from Yale and started to recite in Greek the opening lines of *The Odyssey* of Homer. The effect was all I could have hoped for. It was their turn to be astonished—and then we all roared and the evening was perfect.

Well-bred but eager questions arising from their surprise gradually drew from me part of my story. Like thousands of other boys of that day, I had studied Greek and Latin before entering medical school. After a single year, I had been compelled



Before Dr. Frederic M. Loomis retired, he specialized in obstetrics, gynecology and adventure. He has traveled in many foreign countries—meeting excitement at every turn. This article, adapted from his book, *The Bond*

Between Us, published by the Loomis Book Co., Piedmont, Calif., is drawn from his career as a miner in Alaska.

to leave to go to work, always intending to return but never quite succeeding. I had come to Alaska hoping for a bit of adventure and for quite a bit of gold.

When they asked me how long it had been since I had left, I felt a sense of shame when I said, "Ten years." Yet through all those years I had studied fitfully in a copy of Gray's *Anatomy*. Suddenly the futile years with their cycle of fruitless effort loomed large before me. I was appalled when I stopped to think what I was doing with my life.

They told me of research problems which had engrossed them and to which they would soon return. As we talked, the phantom of the Cap and Gown which ruled their lives enveloped their tattered garb. I saw the cloistered lives which I knew their universities placed about them in the academic year. They loved this vacation trip to the North—yet it was just a vacation, nothing more.

I realized that the brighter gleam in their eyes was aroused not by the excitement of the trip but by the same academic life which they had been so glad to leave a few weeks

before—to the coming years when they hoped their names would be authority, when eventually their pupils, reflecting their own personalities, would rise to distinction. . .

NEXT DAY I TOOK THEM underground. Most of the gold in that district was in chemical combination, but I found a few specimens showing free uncombined gold. They examined these excitedly, testing the gold for identifying softness with the points of their knives.

Back in my cabin they washed in the tin basin in the kitchen while I cooked biscuits, venison steaks and potatoes. After dinner we sat down again to talk. I could hardly wait for these cultured men to reopen to me the world I had left behind—the little world of classes and students and football and track. But just as we were comfortably settled, there was a bang on the door and a haggard and bedraggled stranger pushed it open and fell exhausted on the floor.

I was shocked by his appearance, especially by his eyes, which he tried to shield from the light with his hands. As I gave him hot coffee, his story came out in broken sentences. He had been prospecting for gold on the other side of the peninsula, 30 miles away by water. A dozen blasting caps had exploded in his face, practically blinding him. The long trip by water was out of the question, so he had made his agonizing way partly on hands and knees, half-blinded, across a snow-covered mountain range. He was determined to reach my cabin because he had heard there was a doctor there.

When I had to tell him that I

was not a doctor, his face clouded with disappointment and misery. Watching him, my spirits also sank as I thought of my own inadequacy. Then suddenly I remembered that in my amateur medicine case there was still a little bottle containing a few crystals of cocaine. These had been carefully weighed, so that filling the bottle with water would make a solution of proper strength for local anesthesia.

"Can't you do *nothing* for me?" he pleaded.

I wondered whether I could. I asked the other men to make him comfortable while I hurried to boil water. I waited for it to cool, then filled the bottle carefully and instilled the solution in the man's eyes with a fountain-pen filler which had been boiled at the same time.

Almost afraid to breathe, I touched the bloodshot cornea with a match. He didn't move. While my guests from Harvard and Yale hovered in the background, I looked at my calloused hands in dismay. Yet I could hardly wait to see what they could do.

For an hour, with the help of a pocket magnifying glass with which I examined rocks, with unskilled but eager fingers and more beads of sweat on my brow than on his, I dug bits of copper from his eyes with a sterile needle and the tip of the blade of my pocketknife, which I had sterilized in flame. The other men watched, fascinated and silent, but I was dimly aware that, without being told, they quietly kept the fire going and a kettle boiling in case I needed more sterile water.

Nature helped me as she has helped me ten thousand times since. I covered his eyes with boric com-

presses and we made another bed on the floor. When I had to leave the next morning to do some necessary work, the professor of Greek insisted upon staying in the cabin to keep the compresses moist while his partner roamed the woods. I knew he wanted to get into the forest which he had traveled 5,000 miles to see, yet he insisted that his new role was just as exciting.

THREE DAYS PASSED. Then we took off the bandages and the man could see without discomfort. There had been no infection, not one fragment was left, and my first awkward surgery brought me back with a jolt to the years I was wasting. When the man turned to me and said with a catch in his voice: "Doc, you've given me back my eyes," I hurriedly left the room.

Next morning all three were ready to leave, the miner to do a little work in a blacksmith shop before he returned overland to his prospect, and the Easterners to begin their long trip home. As they finished loading their sloop, I saw them talking earnestly on the dock. Ready to sail, they came back to my cabin. In a few days we had become better friends than we could have in a year at New Haven or Cambridge. But now they were embarrassed.

"We have been saying some nasty things about you, Doc," the man from Yale said, "and that's putting it politely. You did everything you could for us and we appreciate it. We watched you forget that anyone else was alive in this world while you dug the copper out of that poor guy's eyes. There was nothing the matter with our eyes, though. You

didn't know it, but we saw you changed into another person.

"Now, speaking tactfully as one gentleman to another, *what in the hell is the matter with you?* Haven't you any more guts than to stay here all the rest of your life, hammering rock? Don't you know there are other ways to get to medical school than swinging a drill, up here in Alaska? How long does it take you to get some sense?"

They went away, but there had been the impact of another life upon my own, so effective that it started a long train of events beyond my comprehension. The injured man's recovery and the explosion of emotional dynamite in the tough words of the "guy from Yale" were finally clearing from my mind the futile wishes and misdirected efforts which had clogged it so long.

In a week I had quit mining. I never touched a hammer or a drill again, but I saved the handle of my last hammer, worn into deep grooves corresponding to the fingers that had swung it. I saved it to show a son some day that the old man knew how to work.

Today there hangs on my fireplace in California, where I see it daily, a miner's fine handmade candlestick. It was pounded out on an anvil, the day he left, by the man who had copper in his eyes. I have prized it always, for I owe him far more than he ever could owe me.

Indeed, not his eyes but mine were opened, and I keep his candlestick where I can see it so that I may remember with humility the strange turn of fate which led one man to my Alaskan shack and another to a medical degree.



Subtle Psychology

THE GENTLEMAN's attitude was polite but firm. "I'm sorry," he told the young woman who was selling tickets for the charity concert, "but I won't be able to attend the concert. It's for a most worthy cause, however, and I assure you I shall be with you in spirit."

"Fine," exclaimed the young woman. "Now where would you like to have your spirit sit? The tickets are \$5.00 and \$10.00."

The gentleman meekly replied: "I'll take a \$10.00 one, please."

—ED SULLIVAN

MAIL-ORDER MAGNATE and philanthropist Julius Rosenwald never had any great trouble with debtors. Whenever a bill was overdue, he would write to the debtor in this wise:

"Your bill is overdue. If not met, we shall be obliged to notify your other creditors that you paid us."

With but few exceptions, a check in full was usually forthcoming posthaste.

—RAY FREEDMAN

How to Slash Home-Repair Costs



With the skills acquired in a basement workshop, many a householder is saving money, and having fun doing it

by PAUL D. GREEN

A CHICAGO INDUSTRIALIST recently bought a large old house in suburban Park Ridge. It was well-built but run-down in many ways, and its interior decorations were dreary. His wife had a clever way with drapes, valances and gimcracks. He was handy with hammer, saw and paintbrush. So they decided to revamp the old manse.

Together they drew up the plans, room by room, the wife acting as foreman. After dinner each night, and on week ends, she gave him working orders:

"Now, John, tonight we lay the kitchen linoleum," or "We'll put up the new wallpaper in the dining room." And John, who bossed thousands of skilled men from behind a vice-president's desk, replied "Yes, dear," happily donned overalls and went to work.

Within a year they had transformed the old place into an attractive, modernized, functional home. Then they calculated what the work would have cost if outside contractors had been called in: \$750 for the kitchen, \$400 for the bathrooms, \$300 for the dining room, \$250 for new lawn furniture, plus other items which made \$2,000 altogether. But their costs for materials totaled less than \$500!

"There's a catch to this economy, however," the businessman admits. "If I had charged myself for labor at my regular salary, the work would have cost \$5,000! But I get a kick out of working at home, and it relieves the tension of my day's routine at the plant."

Today, hundreds of thousands of other Americans are putting in hours of honest toil at workbenches

in cellars, garages, outbuildings, pantries and even dining-room corners. Through the sheer necessity of combating high costs, we are rapidly becoming a nation of Jacks-and Jills-of-all-trades. The doctor, the lawyer and the baker are now also plumber, carpenter and painter in their spare time, not to mention expert machinist.

It is difficult to estimate the extent of today's workshop trend, but Robert R. Zisette, general sales manager of SKF Industries, Inc., which makes ball bearings for home power tools, gives a clue:

"Upwards of 850,000 homes have workshops equipped with modern power tools."

Donald Brann, 40-year-old former ad salesman and now head of Easi-Bild Pattern Company in Pleasantville, New York, which publishes plans for making everything from a bookcase to a five-room cottage, goes further:

"Probably three times that number have simple shops with only hand tools. Americans are fed up with paying fantastic prices for everything, and have turned to the simple trades with which our forebears built a great country."

His opinion is supported by the fact that he has sold millions of woodworking patterns for 15 cents to \$5. One reproduction of his cottage, which can be built for about \$1,000 without plumbing, wiring or heating equipment, brought 10,000 orders for patterns.

It is reliably estimated that home workshops last year turned out \$500,000,000 worth of equipment and repairs for the home. In the same year, home owners spent \$50,000,000 for power tools, and an-

other \$100,000,000 for hand tools, accessories and materials. The difference between what they spent and the value of their work represents actual savings.

Workshops range from a simple bench with a modest selection of wrenches, screw drivers, hammers, drills and saws to magnificent layouts of advanced amateurs, which may cost up to \$10,000. Actually, the average shop costs less than \$300, for which you can get all the hand tools you need, plus a motorized circular saw and drill press. Hobbyists who want to go beyond that usually add a jigsaw or scroll saw for fancy cutting, and a wood lathe.

THE VAST MAJORITY of today's Jacks-of-all-trades are more concerned with the economy angle than with the recreational value of a hobby. Recently I was given a lesson in economy by my young son, a Cub Scout. While making a model boat, he spilled cement on our dining-room table. It hardened quickly, and when he tried to remove it, the finish came off too.

"The table is ruined," my wife wailed. "And it will cost at least \$25 to have it refinished."

"Well, it will have to come out of Dicky's bank," I said firmly.

"Don't be silly, Dad," my son chirped. "I can do the job myself for less than \$5. It tells how, right here in this book."

And so my young son refinished the table. Today, I must admit it looks better than it ever did before.

A clearer idea of how much you may save by doing household repairs can be obtained from figures recently published by a New York newspaper. They showed that a

Philadelphia bricklayer charged \$97 for two days' work; a Detroit housewife was quoted a price of \$55 for prettying up her front door; one plastering job in Los Angeles came to \$1 a minute; and a Pittsburgh contractor billed a home owner for \$80 for nailing 16 pieces of slate on his leaking roof.

It costs as much as \$100 a room to have a house or apartment painted, \$400 to do the outside of a five-room house. You can do the same job yourself for about \$16 a room inside, \$50 for the outside. Even minor savings add up to sums which will buy a new vacuum cleaner or sewing machine.

A friend of mine bought a new gas stove. Then he discovered the pipe connections were different from those of the old range. Having a metalworking shop, he bought a few lengths of three-quarter-inch pipe and several elbow joints. He cut the pipe into proper lengths, machined the threads, then installed the connections in an hour, saving the \$15 service charge.

Learning tricks of maintenance pays dividends too. Take fuel systems, for example. Faulty radiators or oil-burning furnaces can waste hundreds of dollars yearly.

A friend of mine found that his furnace thermostat was not registering. A local "expert" wanted \$10 to inspect the unit. So my friend opened it himself, traced the line until he located a short circuit, then repaired it easily.

Another friend bought a prewar house in a community 35 miles from New York City. The porch was sagging, the kitchen floor was covered with pock-marked linoleum, paint was peeling from the walls,

and there was only one closet. The bathroom was old-fashioned and showerless; the cracked cellar floor allowed water to seep in.

"You certainly took on a lemon, Ralph," I said on my first visit.

"Perhaps," he replied, "but I'm no worse off than if I had bought a jerry-built home. I'd rather take an old lemon at a low price and make a grapefruit out of it than buy a so-called plum which turned sour."

Heretofore he had wrenched a shoulder if he so much as hung a picture. But when he discovered it would cost at least \$2,500 to fix the house, he set to with surprising vigor and enthusiasm. After he had made his down payment, bought a new refrigerator and gas stove, and had the house insulated with rock wool to cut down fuel consumption, he tackled the kitchen.

New linoleum, new wallpaper, additional cabinets and a serving station were laid and made by his own hands. He knocked out a partition separating the kitchen from the laundry to give his wife more working space, then figured he had saved \$600 on the kitchen alone.

Systematically, he next went after the bathroom, the bedrooms, the cellar—re-covering the floor of one, parqueting the floor of another, waterproofing the third. When spring came, he tackled the outside. He uprooted defunct trees and scruffy-looking bushes, re-sodded the back yard. An ugly and ancient chicken house was disguised with a new floor, a pair of homemade picnic benches, Chinese lanterns, clinging vines, a white-and-green paint trim and a curving flagstone walk from the kitchen.

Ralph spent his first summer va-

cation in bathing trunks, but instead of lolling on the beach, he perched himself on a tall ladder. In nine days, he covered the outside of the house with two coats of white paint, plus black trim. Cost: \$50 for the paint, \$18 for the ladder, \$10 for brushes and turpentine. Contractor's price: \$400.

After one year, Ralph calculated his economies at well over \$1,500. Meanwhile, the value of his house had actually increased \$2,000.

BESIDES THE MONEY-SAVING advantage of being practical, there is also a high therapeutic value to working with tools. Veterans' rehabilitation centers have demonstrated this to a high degree, while many private hospitals have introduced full-fledged workshops for convalescent patients.

Likewise, doctors, dentists, lawyers and editors, whose normal workaday routines produce strain, find release in tinkering with tools. One unusual case concerns an osteopath in Canada, who operates a large basement machine shop where he turns out excellent examples of period furniture. He is totally blind.

There are limitless money-making possibilities, too, in working with home tools. A well-known violinist took up woodworking as a hobby, specializing in fine furniture. When he retired from the concert stage two years ago, he found that he had developed a profitable new vocation.

A practical handy woman in Connecticut, weary of inflated building and repair costs, fixed up her old house, even to putting on a new roof. She liked the work so well that she took on assignments from

neighbors. Soon the demand for her work became so great that her husband quit his job and joined her in the contracting business.

The handy-man fever is not confined by any means to low- and middle-income families. Godfrey Rockefeller, Richard Delano and Charlie Bernuth, famed polo player, are but a few of the socialites who frequent a homecraft store on Third Avenue in New York City. The same shop is also patronized by C. H. Crane, chairman of the board of the St. Joseph Lead Company; P. A. E. Armstrong, inventor of stainless steel; and Matthew Woll, vice-president of the A. F. of L.

P. K. Wrigley, of chewing-gum fame, converted the garage of his house on Chicago's North Side into a miniature factory, where he still tinkers with the engine of his private plane and the family cars. He also tends to household repairs.

Some people put their talents with hammer and saw to work for their professions. Cardini, famous magician, has a well-stocked workshop in his Long Island home where he designs special stage effects. Richard Himber, band leader and amateur magician, makes original tricks which he sells to the trade. Anton Bruehl, noted photographer, has a magnificent tool shop where he experiments.

Edgar Bergen, Lee Bowman, Bob Burns and George Montgomery are but a few of the Hollywood set who have succumbed to the lure of the lathe. Montgomery joined the workshop fraternity when his wife, singer Dinah Shore, presented him with an infant daughter. He made all the furniture for the nursery, plus many toys, and has even turned out

similar items for his neighbors' new-born children.

Artists, illustrators and cartoonists also demonstrate that there is a connection between artistic talent and finesse with tools. Vernon Grant, Frank Godwin, Mario Cooper and Carey Orr are as handy with the jigsaw as with the pencil.

ALTHOUGH THE MERE possession of a set of tools is no guarantee that you can perform miracles of handicraft, the average person can acquire reasonable facility after a little study and practice. A number of good manuals are on the market, as well as books devoted to particular phases of repair work. The science-mechanics magazines give excellent advice on special jobs and workshop short cuts. Vocational-trades schools have also sprung up in recent years to meet the public demand for learning manual arts.

Anyone can begin to acquire adeptness by visiting a friend's workshop and watching him work. Home mechanics are usually proud of their ability, and will gladly demonstrate how particular jobs

are done. Napoleon summed it up once in his favorite motto: "The tools to him that can handle them."

The Chicago industrialist mentioned earlier in this article would have been highly admired by the little Corsican. His favorite job in remodeling the old house was the transformation of the bathroom. It had excellent brass plumbing, but no shower and a dismal view into a neighbor's back yard.

They hung a huge mirror on the wall, covered the efficient but unattractive plumbing with valances, re-tiled the floor and installed a modern fluorescent light. The *pièce-de-résistance* was a green glass-brick wall installed over the old one, to do double duty as an artistic improvement and as the backstop for a shower installed next to it.

At first, the industrialist considered the job a little beyond his ken, so he asked a contractor to bid. The price: \$150. "That settled it," he relates. "I did it myself for only \$30. Now whenever a guest comes to our house for the first time, we escort him immediately to the 'lavatorium de luxe.'"

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SAFETY

by HERBERT YAHRAES



BY THE TIME THE next issue of *Coronet* appears, accidents will have hit 45,000 of us who are reading this one. About four hundred of us will never see that next issue—we will be dead. Another 1,600 will be permanently impaired—suffering anything from a stiff joint to the loss of an arm or a leg or an eye, or possibly all three.

Every day between now and the next issue, another 1,400 of us will stumble or swerve, smack into something or get smacked, or otherwise become involved in an accident that will lay us up for at least 24 hours.

This isn't just guesswork—it is a mathematical prediction by the National Safety Council, an organization that can tell us as much about accidents as the U. S. Weather Bureau can tell us about weather—and sometimes a good deal more. While the figures are bad, without the Council they would be considerably worse.

One of the largest and most pervasive propaganda outfits in America, every month the Council puts

out eight national magazines, 26 widely circulated news letters and 1,000,000 posters. Each year it distributes 500,000 safety calendars, thousands of sets of instruction cards (explaining how to set up a ladder, start an electrical motor, lift a bag of flour, and perform 497 other hazardous duties), a variety of radio programs and films, a stream of manuals and pamphlets, and a flood of stories for the newspapers.

It also disseminates such odd yet helpful facts as that the most dangerous months are July and December; the most dangerous states, the Rocky Mountain ones; the most dangerous age, around 65; and that on at least one occasion a rabbit actually shot a man. And it credits the intelligent use of cold cash—it spends more than \$2,000,000 a year itself and influences the spending of millions more by industry, government and local councils—with having helped to save more lives than we lost in World War II battles.

Although dozens of other organizations are working to save our necks in spite of ourselves, the

Council is the pioneer. Its watchword is *Accidents don't happen—they are caused*; and it defines safety as *a way of life that calculates risk*. Yet it does not deny that risk must sometimes be taken. However, in its famous forecasts on holiday traffic deaths, it does ask the public to show up the forecasters by playing safe. But look what happens:

For the 1947 Memorial Day week end, the organization predicted 250 traffic deaths, and the United Press roundup showed 272. For the July 4th week end, it predicted 275, and the UP turned up exactly that number. "It is ironic," says Paul Jones, "that the public will let us be so accurate."

As director of public information, ex-newspaperman Jones is one of four men responsible for the predictions. The others are Bill James, director of the statistical division; Dan Thompson, director of radio; and Jack Horner, director of news.

Just before a big holiday they get together, study reports for previous holidays, consult Bill's charts on past and present accident trends, and take into account the predicted weather and the estimated increase in traffic. They will be even happier when they can also take into account a national urge to prove the prophets wrong.

WHEN THE COUNCIL—a nonprofit, nonpolitical, cooperative body—was formed in 1913, its only concern was to scotch the causes of accidents in industry. It had 40 members, whose fees totaled \$1,400 a year; a room in a Chicago office building, a desk, two chairs and a filing cabinet. Now it spreads over two floors in Chicago's Civic Opera

Building, has regional offices in New York and San Francisco, and looks for trouble everywhere.

It has 275 full-time employees—engineers, statisticians, editors, writers, educators, librarians—and 1,000 volunteer workers. Its 7,500 members pay \$2,000,000 for dues and safety material. It has granted charters to scores of local, self-supporting councils. And for a dollar or two it will sell anyone a sizable pile of its skillfully prepared safety propaganda—which ranges from a two-page illustrated lesson for first-graders on how to cross a street to a thick brochure for leading citizens on how to make a safety speech.

The president is Ned Harland Dearborn, a bald, affable and persuasive ex-schoolteacher who became interested in safety while serving as dean of the School of General Education, New York University. On the board of trustees are such stalwarts as William A. Irvin, chairman, who learned the cost of accidents while rising to become head of U. S. Steel; Col. John Stilwell of New York's Consolidated Edison; Winthrop Aldrich of Chase National; Thomas Parkinson of Equitable Life; Juan Trippe of Pan-American Airways; and the two mighty Wilsons—Charles E. of General Motors and C. E. of General Electric.

From an organization worried mainly about the high cost of accidents to business, the Council has reached its present eminence as a public servant by following a simple idea—that a dead or injured workman is a liability, no matter where his accident occurred. So the industrial setup has become a model for other fields.

Suppose Tom Smith is bowled

over by chemical fumes in the shrink-proofing department of a textile mill. Plant engineers make adjustments, are satisfied nothing will go haywire again. But within a few days, three other men are overcome. The company notifies the Council, and the Council rushes a safety engineer to the scene.

These experts have had regular training in electrical, mechanical, chemical or some other branch of engineering, plus special training in spotting hazards. The Atomic Energy Commission recently made one of them—Sidney J. Williams, assistant to Dearborn—chairman of its Safety and Industrial Health Advisory Board, charged with looking into accident and health details in our atomic-energy towns.

With most accident situations, however, on-the-spot attention is not necessary. Staff surveys and reports flowing in from thousands of members give the Council such a mass of safety information that it can tell members and the public how to handle potentially dangerous situations *before* they occur.

The Council knows, for instance, that one-fourth of serious industrial injuries arise from mistakes in handling materials. It also knows the most dangerous hand tools, the parts of the body most likely to be injured, and the best way to prevent eye injuries.

In the home, half the accidental deaths are caused by falls, most of them by persons 65 or over. Infants, children and persons between 25 and 44 are more likely to be killed by burns; persons in the late teens and early twenties, by firearms.

Because of all this fact-finding, Dearborn can boldly state: "Ac-

cidental death is almost 100 per cent unnecessary. The real problem is to gain nation-wide acceptance of safety as a part of the design of daily living."

UNFORTUNATELY, SOME PEOPLE are susceptible to accidents, just as some people are susceptible to colds. They include workers bored with their jobs to the point of neurosis—like the fellow who does nothing but drop a nut on a bolt, day after day. Others are rugged individualists whose grandfathers never had to bother with goggles or traffic rules, so they don't want to, either.

One day a Council official going through a welding plant noticed that only one worker was wearing goggles. The safety man asked why. "Well," his guide explained, "that fellow only has one eye."

Even well-indoctrinated people occasionally slip. Associates never let Dearborn forget that he once cut across the middle of a San Francisco street. And Earl Campbell, director of field organization, once fell while taking a bath in a Chicago hotel and was laid up for six weeks.

In 1913, when the Council was organized, the accidental death rate was 85.5 persons for every 100,000 of population. In 1947 it was 69.7 despite the great increase in automobiles and old people.

In this process of reducing accidents, the Council has found that contests pay off. Biggest is the National Traffic Safety Contest, which attracts all the states and almost 1,400 cities. Participation entitles a contest entrant to ask for an analysis of the local program and thus to find out what concrete steps it can take to put itself among the

winners. As an example of what competitive spirit can do, the Council points to Topeka, Kansas, which two years ago wound up in 57th place among 64 cities its size. Then it set up a local safety council, which sponsored drives to make residents accident-conscious.

Boy Scouts stood on downtown corners and, when people crossed on the wrong light, the boys handed them cards reading *You Were Lucky* or *You Made It This Time*. In one year, Topeka reduced its traffic-death toll 55 per cent, and at the end of 1946 stood not in 57th place but in fourth.

The 1946 grand winner among states was Connecticut, with a mileage death rate only half the national rate. If the rest of the country had done as well, 16,000 fewer people would have been killed on highways.

If the Council could rub a lamp and have one wish fulfilled, what would it be? To have all ten-year-old autos ruled off the roads? To

make it illegal to build steep, unlighted stairways in the home? To enlist all schools, companies, towns and cities as Council members?

"No," a top official says. "I think we would wish that everybody could be born with more courtesy and thoughtfulness."

Another wish would be for unification of the safety campaign. Where community leaders and groups have pooled efforts—for example, in Milwaukee, Cleveland, Louisville, Detroit and Portland, Oregon—traffic accidents have dropped as much as 50 per cent. But in many towns the war against accidents is still fought under a dozen commands.

What about you and me? Should we take all this safety talk seriously—or shrug it off as no concern of ours? To get the answer, let's go back to the first paragraph of this article. Or, as the Council puts it:

"Be careful—the life you save may be your own!"

Conversation Stoppers

A WOMAN RETURNED a smart pair of shoes to the exclusive shop where she had purchased them.

"They won't do," she announced. "I simply can't walk in them."

"Madam," the clerk replied, looking down his nose, "people who have to walk don't shop here."

—W. E. GOLDEN

THEODORE HOOK, the famous practical joker, held with the contention that people don't pay much attention to what others say on many occasions.

On a bet he greeted his hostess at a party by saying: "I'm sorry to be late, but it took me longer to strangle my uncle than I expected."

"Yes, indeed," replied the lady, "so nice of you to have come."

His friend gasped and paid up.

—Gourmet

The Secret Life of Charlie Parkhurst

👑 A Gem from the
Coronet Story Teller

FOR nearly 20 years, Charlie Parkhurst was the dean of stage-coach drivers in California. He had come West in the great gold rush of '49 and worked his way to the top of his profession.

Charlie was a dependable driver—and tough. A patch over one eye lent a formidable air to his rather handsome countenance. Tremendous shoulders gave a hint of the strength in his five-and-one-half-foot frame. Saturday nights always found him in the toughest joints along the Mother Lode — gambling, cursing and drinking with his fellow “whips.”

Charlie's calm, cool character was known throughout the mine country. Road agents never bothered him after he shot up a gang at a curve high in the mountains. Many times he sat on the box for 48 hours without relief.

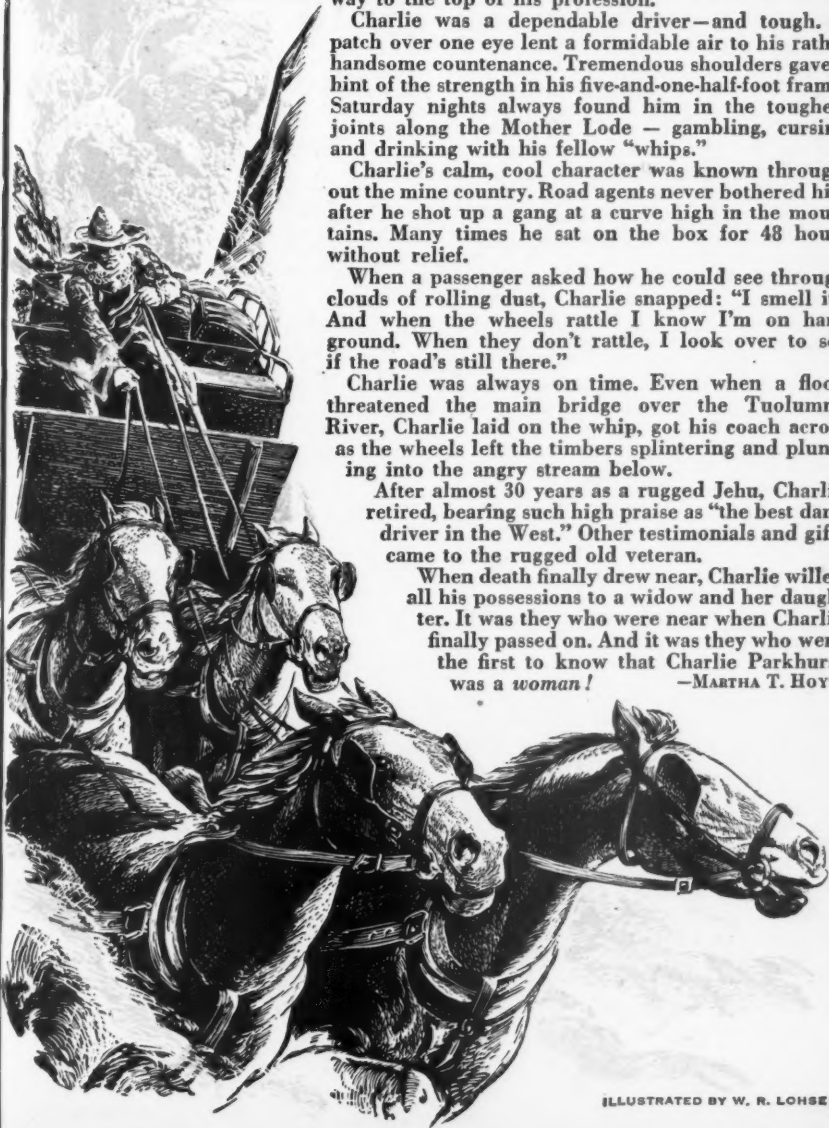
When a passenger asked how he could see through clouds of rolling dust, Charlie snapped: “I smell it! And when the wheels rattle I know I'm on hard ground. When they don't rattle, I look over to see if the road's still there.”

Charlie was always on time. Even when a flood threatened the main bridge over the Tuolumne River, Charlie laid on the whip, got his coach across as the wheels left the timbers splintering and plunging into the angry stream below.

After almost 30 years as a rugged Jehu, Charlie retired, bearing such high praise as “the best dam” driver in the West.” Other testimonials and gifts came to the rugged old veteran.

When death finally drew near, Charlie willed all his possessions to a widow and her daughter. It was they who were near when Charlie finally passed on. And it was they who were the first to know that Charlie Parkhurst was a woman!

—MARTHA T. HOYT



ILLUSTRATED BY W. R. LOHSE



Uncle Sam's Purity Police

by HARRY E. NEAL

By cracking down on quacks and cheats in business, the food and drug inspectors have saved thousands of lives

THE FACTORY TURNED out "glacé fruit," so attractively packaged that hardly anybody could tell it had been made of citrus peel lifted from garbage cans. The makers washed it to remove coffee grounds, cigarette butts, egg shells and other leftovers, then sold it at a fancy figure—until the U. S. Food and Drug Administration stepped in.

Promptly, the State health authorities put a big sign on the company's door: CLOSED. Glacé fruit that had been shipped was seized, the manufacturers were indicted, pleaded guilty and were sentenced to a jail term and a fine of \$3,800.

This case is typical of the FDA's work. When we take aspirin for that headache, how do we know that it's pure? When we eat canned salmon, can we be certain that the fish is clean and wholesome? If you use lipstick, are you sure that it

isn't colored with a harmful dye?

To banish such doubts is the job of 1,000 men and women in the Food and Drug Administration. Little heralded, vitally important, they have perhaps saved thousands of lives by keeping harmful ingredients out of our stomachs and away from our skins.

Paul B. Dunbar, Commissioner of Food and Drugs, stresses the fact that offenders are usually fly-by-nights on what he calls the "marginal fringe" of American business.

The case of the glacé fruit is but one of many developed by FDA inspectors. A food-paste plant, overrun with rats and insects, was gathering macaroni and noodle scraps from cutting rooms and grinding them into powder for re-use. FDA inspectors brought the maker to court, where he was fined \$1,400.

In one city a miniature epidemic

of chemical poisoning alerted FDA inspectors. They found that children had eaten prizes from candy grab bags—and the prizes weren't candy. They were in boxes labeled "Sooner Eggs or Pharaoh's Serpents. When lit on one end, pill will form a continuous snake. Poison." These familiar fireworks contain a mercury cyanide compound.

About 70 per cent of recent FDA food seizures involved charges of filth and decomposition. Frequently, however, large quantities of food are made and shipped in accordance with sanitary regulations, only to be stored in warehouses crawling with rats and insects.

THE FDA ALSO CRACKS down on economic cheats. In a seizure of sauerkraut, they found quart jars containing only 13 ounces of cabbage, the rest of the weight comprising excess brine. "Candied" sweet potatoes packed in water, "pure olive oil" which wasn't olive oil at all, adulterated spices, grated cheese containing soy-bean, and dressed muskrats sold as "rabbit" were a few of the other tricks exposed by the FDA.

In the sub-standard drug field, one firm was enjoined from shipping contaminated crude drugs. Inspectors who visited the plant were warned to look out for rats when pulling boxes from shelves!

Bootleg traffic in sleeping pills makes control difficult, but Federal and State inspectors work together closely to prevent sales by unqualified persons. One druggist removed warnings on the packages and sold them without prescriptions. He was fined \$600 and sentenced to two years' probation.

Misbranding is the word applied by the FDA to labels that lie. "Cures" for syphilis, sex restorers, weight reducers and preparations to reduce high blood pressure are among seizures made for false claims. The president of one firm which made a "diabetes remedy" went to jail for two years and drew an additional six-year suspended sentence.

The labels on his concoction claimed that it would reduce excess blood sugar and thereby reduce the amount of insulin required by diabetics. While such preparations may not be harmful in themselves, their misleading claims persuade gullible folk to take into their own hands a substitute for treatment which should be given by qualified doctors.

In combating harmful cosmetics, the FDA has found that you can't always believe your eyes. Inspectors recently seized a dye for eyebrows and eyelashes when they found it looked pretty but contained a substance which had already caused blindness. Every package shipped interstate was traced and removed from the market.

In another case, a fine of \$1,500 and a year's probation were imposed upon makers of a cleansing cream containing a "non-permitted" coal-tar dye. The color was suitable for furniture polish, but the cosmetic firm was using it in a cream selling for \$1.25 a jar.

Certification of colors is one of four such services performed by the FDA. The others are (1) certification of canned shrimp and oysters; (2) certification of all insulin; (3) certification of all penicillin.

At one time a part of the Department of Agriculture, the FDA

is now an important unit of the Federal Security Agency, mustering a corps of chemists, bacteriologists, physicians, veterinarians, microscopists, pharmacologists, inspectors and other specialists and clerks, totaling about 1,000. All are under the direction of Commissioner Dunbar, a career man with 39 years in the organization.

The FDA inspector tries to be firm but cooperative. If he can persuade the manufacturer to correct improper practices, so much the better, for voluntary compliance is always more effective than compulsory policing. The 200 inspectors can't visit all the 64,000 food factories in

the country, but they do inspect thousands, collecting samples for testing, and cooperating with state and city health authorities.

When violations are uncovered, the FDA has three courses of action—seizure of goods, criminal prosecution of the firm or its owners, or both, and injunctions against interstate shipments. All three are prosecuted in Federal courts by the Department of Justice, after the FDA recommends action. Only in this way can Uncle Sam's purity police keep the small minority of offenders under control, and thus protect the welfare of the honest businessman and of you, the everyday consumer.

Answers to Coronet Quick Quizzes

Try for a Touchdown (Quiz on page 37)

1. b; 2. a; 3. b; 4. a; 5. c; 6. c; 7. a; 8. b; 9. b; 10. c; 11. a; 12. c; 13. c; 14. c; 15. a; 16. b; 17. a; 18. b.

Beware the Black Cat (Quiz on page 71)

1. (a) BLACKbottom; (b) caricature; 2. (a) BLACKmail; (b) educator; 3. (a) BLACKamoor; (b) delicatessen; 4. (a) BLACKguard; (b) masticate; 5. (a) BLACKsmith; (b) advocate; 6. (a) BLACKboard; (b) MUSCAT; 7. (a) BLACKjack; (b) staccato; 8. (a) BLACKfeet; (b) polecat; 9. (a) BLACKstone; (b) unscathed; 10. (a) BLACKing; (b) placate.

Are You a Quick Thinker? (Quiz on page 135)

1. little; 2. low; 3. labor; 4. lengthen; 5. lesser; 6. let; 7. life; 8. lean, lanky; 9. lift; 10. light; 11. like; 12. lead; 13. lying; 14. land; 15. liabilities; 16. loud; 17. lose, loss; 18. long; 19. leave; 20. local; 21. loaf; 22. loathe; 23. luxurious; 24. lure; 25. lunacy; 26. lady; 27. ludicrous; 28. lavish, liberal; 29. lucid; 30. loyal; 31. love; 32. loquacious, loud, loose-tongued; 33. logical; 34. lack; 35. lively; 36. literally; 37. lament; 38. liquid; 39. likely; 40. lazy; 41. lend, loan; 42. liberate; 43. lad; 44. link; 45. linger, loiter, lurk, lounge.

O ur human comedy

Laughter is the echo of the lighter moments in the drama of life. So here, gathered for your enjoyment, are a few amusing trifles from the everyday world

DURING A HURRICANE in Florida, a woman was terribly upset and couldn't sleep a wink. But her husband was sleeping as if nothing was going on.

"Darling, this house is rocking as if it were going to blow away," she said, shaking him.

"Oh, go to sleep," he said, "we're only renting it." —*Wall St. Journal*



WINSTON CHURCHILL was visiting friends in the West End of London the afternoon of one of his broadcasts. He left rather late and stepped up to a cab stand, telling the driver to go to the BBC studios.

"You'll have to take another cab, sir. I can't go that far," the driver told him.

The former Prime Minister was rather surprised and asked the driver why he was limited in the distance his cab could travel.

"Mr. Churchill is broadcasting," replied the cabbie, "and I want to get home and tune in."

This pleased Churchill and he pulled out a pound note. The driver took one look at the money and said, "Hop in, sir. The hell with Mr. Churchill." —*Tales of Hoffman*



A WEALTHY TOURIST lost her pedigree poodle while stopping over in a small town. She inserted an ad in the Lost-and-Found column of the local newspaper, offering a \$100 reward.

She returned to the newspaper office the next day to see if her ad had brought any results, but the only one there was the office boy.

"For goodness sakes," she asked impatiently. "Where is everyone?"

"They're all out, Ma'am," the boy replied, "trying to find your poodle." —*PEGGY CARROLL*



THE YOUNG MAN SAID in a faint voice, "You don't want to buy any life insurance, do you?"

"I certainly do not," the sales manager replied.

"I thought you didn't," the embarrassed solicitor said, and headed for the door.

Then the sales manager called him back and addressed the confused and frightened young man. "My job is to hire and train salesmen, and you're about the worst salesman I have ever seen. You'll never sell by asking people if they *don't* want to buy. But because you're apparently just starting out I'm going to take out \$10,000 worth

of insurance with you right now. Get out an application blank."

Fumblingly the salesman did so and the deal was closed. Then the sales manager said, "Another word of advice, young man. Learn a few standard, organized sales talks."

"Oh, I've already done that," the salesman replied. "I've got a standard talk for every type of prospect. *This* is my organized approach to sales managers."

—Selected



ASKED WHAT HE THOUGHT of the two candidates for the election, an enlightened voter replied: "Well, when I look at them, I'm thankful only one of them can get elected."

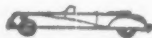
—Journal of Education



MY 80-YEAR-OLD father-in-law is as unconscious of his age as a 20-year-old. One cold day he came into the house wet and muddy from his knees down.

"I wanted to cross the creek to see about the cow," he explained. "I used to jump it clear and easy, but now every dang time I try I land in the middle. Guess I just ain't noticed it getting wider."

—Loudspeaker



THE DEFENSE ATTORNEY was cross-examining the witness, a fetching blonde with lovely, big blue eyes. The lawyer leaned forward.

"Where were you," he thundered, "on Monday night?"

The blonde smiled sweetly. "Au-

tomobile riding," was her reply.

"And where were you," bellowed the lawyer, "on Tuesday night?"

"Automobile riding," repeated the beautiful blonde.

The lawyer leaned still closer.

"And what," he murmured, "are you doing tomorrow night?"

The prosecuting attorney leaped from his chair. "Your honor," he protested, "I object!"

The judge, a tolerant gentleman, shrugged his shoulders. "And why do you object?" he inquired mildly.

The prosecuting attorney drew himself up in righteous indignation. "Because," he snapped, "I asked her first!"

—ROBERT ISHERWOOD



THE LITTLE DAUGHTER of a famous movie actress was rebuked and put to bed for being cross and ill-tempered. After she had been neatly tucked in, the little one commented, "It's temper when it's me and nerves when it's you."

—Tales of Hoffman



AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE a young broker was relating an incident which had occurred the night before at his lodge meeting. The president, he said, had offered a silk hat to any member who would soberly declare that during his married life he had never kissed any woman but his own wife.

"Dear," he marveled, "do you know, not a single man stood up!"

"Why didn't you?" the wife demanded.

"Oh, darling," rejoined the wily one, "you know I look terrible in a silk hat."

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The American Cop

As familiar as Main Street, the American cop has kept pace with our progress as a nation. It was only 92 years ago that our streets boasted their first uniformed patrolmen. Since then, the cop on the corner has enforced our laws, guarded the peace, and proved himself a friend and counselor to those in need. Now, Coronet brings you the impressive story of the men who devote 24 hours a day to policing America. In their hands lies your safety, in your support lies their greatest strength.





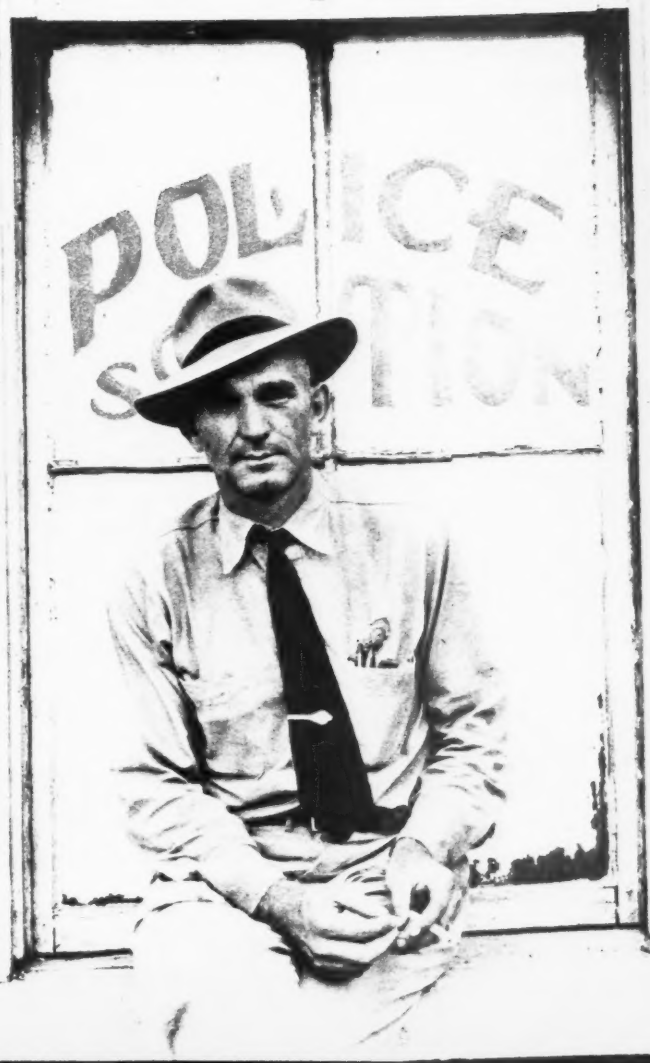
The metropolitan cop can seldom relax. Whether hemmed in by roaring streams of traffic, or pounding a lonely beat through waterfront slums, he is keyed to the explosive tempo of the city.



A small town is a challenge to a cop's versatility. He handles everything from road washouts and petty crime to the spiraling excitement of an organized, state-wide man hunt for a public enemy.

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Straightforward and respected, the rural cop nerve-centers his community. Often a one-man force, he may see action in any corner of the county in his ceaseless war against violators of the law.



Spearheaded by patrolmen, policewomen, detectives and state troopers, America has nearly 150,000 law-enforcement officers. Backed up by thousands of highly trained specialists, and the finest

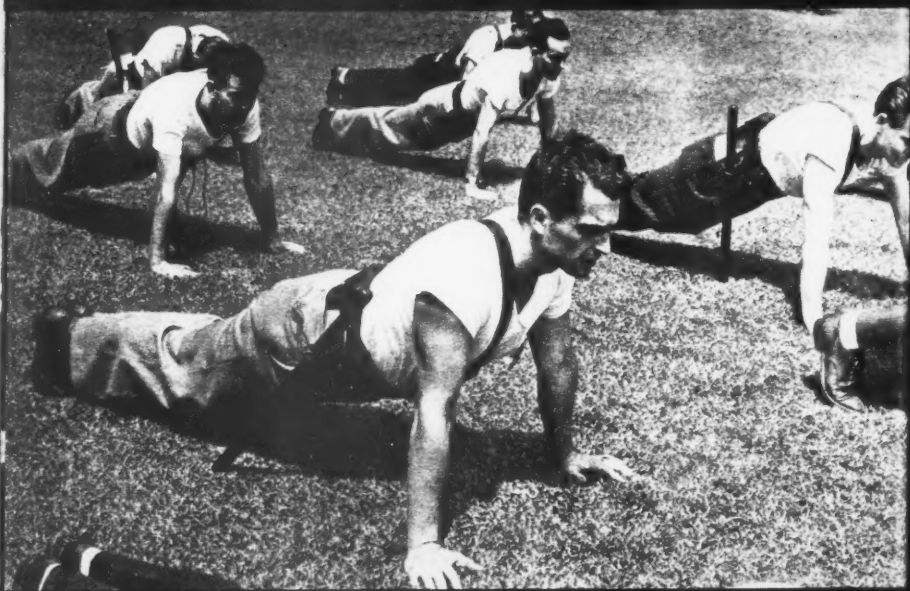
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technical equipment in the world, they compose a tight-knit argument for public order. Yet, in these days, Americans can be proud that they remain one of the least-policed nations on earth.



Applicants for the force are carefully screened. One in ten may get through. Once accepted, new recruits learn quickly that it takes more than a smartly pressed uniform to make an efficient cop.



Rules are pounded in. Stamina and trigger-quick reactions may spell the difference between failure and an arrest . . . never leave yourself open to flank attack . . . draw your gun only with intent to fire . . .



... a cop must decide fast—and answer for every decision he makes. Every patrol demands cool, impartial judgment and a sound grounding in the law ... discipline is the backbone of the force.



On his big day, a rookie has a right to be proud. His gleaming new badge as a probationary patrolman signals the beginning of a lifetime responsibility to the people he has volunteered to serve.



Most Sunday drivers know the traffic cop. A summons may dampen an outing, but with 32,000 traffic deaths a year every ticket is an ounce of prevention—a warning that death also rides the highway.



Seldom heard today is the youthful cry—"Beat it—the cops!" Now, American kids—flocking to school or on the playground—learn early that their cop is a real friend.



Where . . . ? A cop hears that opening word hundreds of times a day. Problems may be trivial, or filled with genuine bewilderment. But all are resolved with courtesy and understanding.



On the spot to ease the sharp impact of disaster, the cop's presence checks the uncoiling spring of panic. His accurate record of the facts will insure justice for all involved.



A split second may rekindle life. Emergency squads daily test their skill and daring in gas-choked tenements, explosions, and fire-racked buildings—in all the perilous domains of havoc and death.



Squad cars blanket the city. Suddenly, the alert comes. *Calling all cars! Proceed at once . . .* hundreds of times the voice pulses through the night. This time it may be vital. Swiftly, patrols move in.



A huge, disorganized crowd has swollen to the danger point. Before it flares up, before violence can erupt in the streets, the cops are there—subduing, quieting, dispersing. It never takes long.



Sometimes the call spells real trouble. A shot, stabbing through the dark—a scream of terror paralyzing the night. A screech of brakes—now, the cop's nerves and muscles quicken. *"Open up—this is the law!"*



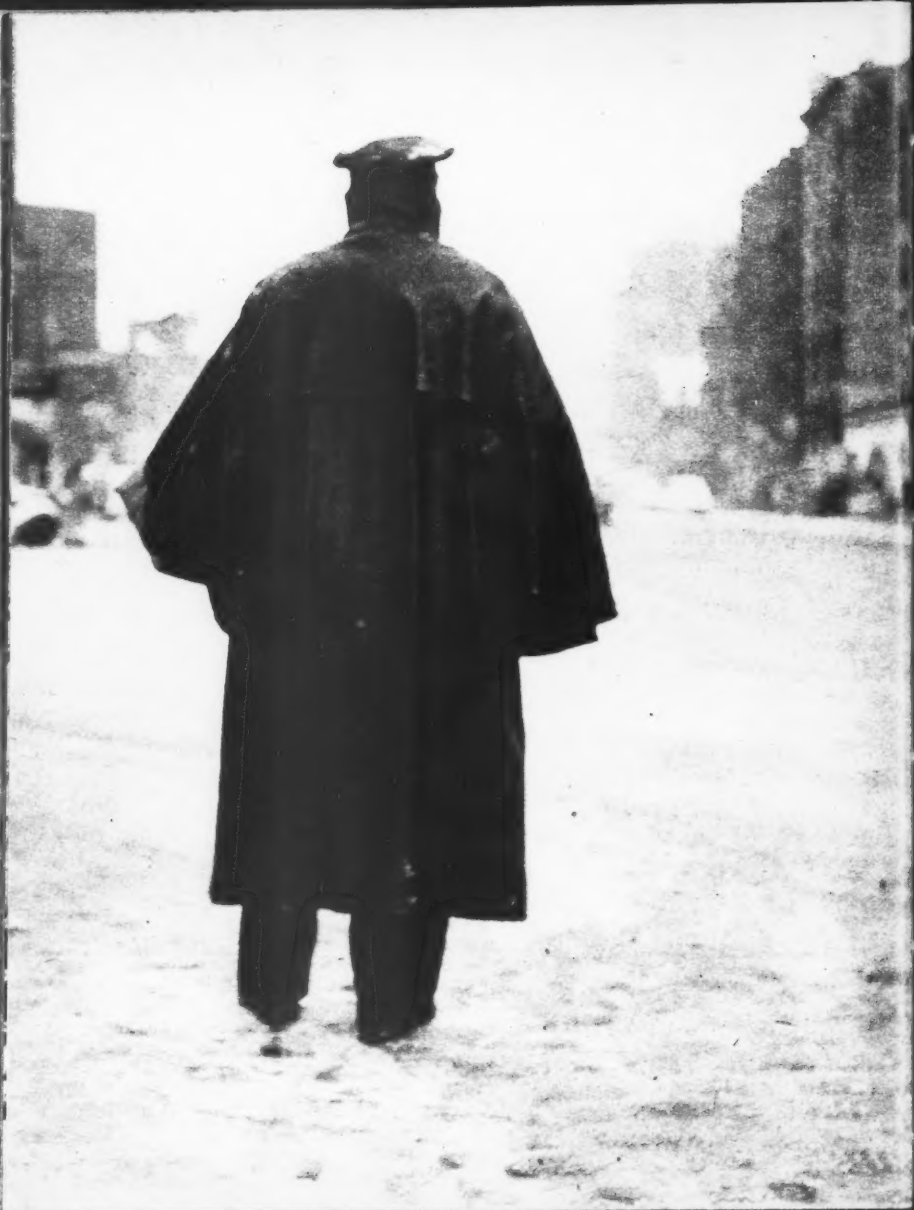
But the cop is essentially a peace officer, good-natured, tolerant, preferring to err on the side of leniency. He knows human failings, and enjoys his ever-changing role in the drama of daily living.



By day's end he will have quietly completed dozens of routine tasks—checking sanitary conditions, taking stray kids to school, settling minor disputes—but tomorrow his beat may hit the headlines.



Like everyone else, a cop likes to relax with his buddies as the day winds up. Out of uniform, he may live in the house next door to you—with a pretty wife, and two lively kids who give him no end of trouble.



But at any hour, in all weathers, there is always a cop on the job. America is his beat, and he lives and works by a famous motto adopted by our police—"Obedience to the Law is Liberty!"



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The Trained Nurse Talks Back



Here is the inside story, frankly told, of conditions that are to blame for the critical shortage of experienced "women in white" in America's hospitals today

by IRIS JOAN BRUNNER, R.N.

THE LIGHT WAS FLASHING in Room 4 on my hospital corridor. I found the patient in agony, complaining of frightful pains in his chest. These were the symptoms the physician had warned about: his orders were to inject a special medication.

I was scared—there wasn't much time. I lifted the patient's arm, began talking soothingly, then inserted the needle. He twitched and commenced gasping for air.

"Nurse, nurse," he choked, "what's happening to me?"

"You'll be all right."

But I thought he was dying. Rushing out to find an intern, I collided in the hall with the patient's own physician. He hurried to the bedside. My patient was breathing normally again!

A few minutes later the doctor called me aside.

"Nurse," he said, "if you hadn't done exactly what you did, this man would have died."

In ten years of nursing, nothing like that had ever happened to me before. I wanted to run away somewhere and have a good cry. At the

same time, I wanted to shout out loud that I was *proud to be a nurse*. Why? Because the chance to save a human life, to bring comfort to the suffering, makes nursing a soul-satisfying career.

Yet today there is something wrong with nursing as a profession. The nurse is discouraged, disheartened and disillusioned. She is tired of being kicked around—and she is also just plain tired. The result is a terrifying exodus of nurses from hospital bedsides all over the country.

Many professionals, weary of strict hospital discipline, unable to make their purse strings meet, dissatisfied with working conditions and the lack of security, are turning away. Young girls who wanted to be nurses are casting ambitious eyes in other directions. And all of this at a time when America's hospitals are jammed with more patients than ever before.

The effect of this exodus is shocking. In St. Louis, a paralyzed girl is found drowned in a city-infirmary tub after a nurse leaves her to care for babies in another building. A

tuberculosis pavilion in Oregon is forced to refuse admittance to a patient. Reason: acute shortage of help. The man dies.

In a New York hospital, a young woman squirms from her restraining sheets and strangles another patient. In many hospitals, elective operations are limited because of the shortage of nurses. In the West, a state hospital council issues a plea for 5,000 trained nurses.

If this appalling situation is allowed to continue, medical organizations warn that it can make the U. S. not the world's healthiest nation but the weakest. At any moment, a desperate emergency may arise. Diseases and accidents are no respecters of class, creed or color. Tomorrow, *you* may have to be whisked off to the nearest hospital. Thus, the nursing shortage is not an academic issue but a personal problem that affects your life and the life of everyone around you.

Yet, ironically enough, there are more nurses available today (one to every 316 persons) than ever before. But where are they? Why does the hospital patient vainly push the call button again and again?

The answers are obvious if you stop to consider today's nursing picture from the nurse's point of view. I am not deserting the sick. Neither are thousands of other qualified nurses. The simple truth is that the nurse has grown up. The whole profession, along with everything else in these progressive times, is expanding. The crisp, white uniforms are stretching at the seams.

Meanwhile, the public, many doctors and many hospitals still choose to think of the nurse as a little girl in white, standing vigil by

the bedside. They persist in viewing us as horse-and-buggy figures in a jet-propulsion era. As a result, the nurse has left the hospital for more attractive positions in her own chosen field—positions that offer better pay, better working conditions and a vast new horizon of opportunities.

Look around you. Next time you're downtown, stop in at a big department store and you'll find a nurse in First Aid. When you're out driving, visit the big factory near the edge of town and meet the nurse in the Health Department. Count the number of public-health nurses you see on the streets, making their all-important rounds. Visit a veterans' hospital and you will find the girls in white serving our wounded and ill. Ride the transcontinental trains or board an air liner and ask the stewardesses if they aren't nurses. The answer is usually yes.

I know a lot of these girls. They like nursing: they have no desire to give up their careers. But any one will tell you bluntly that she will never go back to hospital work until sweeping changes are made.

I am one of those who chose to stay in the ward and care for hospital patients. But I'm not going to stay there much longer unless things are done to make the job more attractive and build up incentive.

WHAT'S SO WRONG? Well, first, *you* be the nurse. Step into my shoes for a day:

It's 5:45 A.M. The alarm clock buzzes. You jump out of bed. It's raining outside. Oh, what a wonderful morning to sleep! But get up. Put the coffee on. Take a shower. Brush your teeth. Wiggle into your girdle—nurses must look trim. Roll

up those white stockings you washed last night. Put on a clean uniform. Slip into the white shoes you had to clean just before going to sleep. Then drink your coffee on the run and grab a bus for the hospital.

Today you're on "A" station. Listen to the night report. Hear the head nurse assign you to 16 patients, including three with operations and four with fractures. Now take each patient's temperature, get each ready for breakfast. While they are eating, get your medicines poured and trays prepared. When they have finished, start giving baths, pass the medicines, make the beds, do the necessary treatments, all the time keeping your eye on the lights for special service.

What time is it? Past 1 o'clock. Clean up, go to lunch. But a half-hour is all, in the cafeteria downstairs. Stand in line while the "supers" gab, while the private-duty nurses go ahead of you. Eat the mess-hall food: cold potatoes, hamburger, dishwater coffee. Then back to the grind.

Something is wrong in No. 6. Interns, doctors and the patient's family are gathered in the hall. The old man with the thigh injury died while you were out—coronary thrombosis. You are just in time to give post-mortem care.

By the time you have finished, it's 3:30—time to quit. But wait! You have to give the 3 o'clock medicines and treatments. It takes another hour. Now you can go home.

That's how it is. That's how it was yesterday. That's how it will be again tomorrow. Is that what you expected when you went into training? Hardly. But now it's your job. Nursing is like that . . .

Strangely enough, I still like it. I'm not afraid of hard work—I'm used to it. But in return I want what everyone else wants—fair wages, decent working hours and working conditions, future security and a chance to live a normal life.

I work eight hours a day, five days a week. Every two weeks I draw a check for \$71.70, after tax deductions. Out of this must come immediate expenses: 50 cents for lunch, 50 cents for uniform (laundry), 10 cents for bus fare each day. Thus my actual take-home pay is \$60.70, or \$30.35 a week.

In comparison with other jobs held by girls my age, the \$30.35 seems "good money." Hospitals think it is. Doctors think it is. The public thinks it is. I don't.

I spent my own money for three years to learn nursing. I gave something like 5,000 hours of service to the hospital, for which I was paid nothing because I was learning. It took me three years, at least, to make back what I spent and begin earning a little for myself.

Meantime I couldn't do the desirable things which the little secretary could do because she stepped out of school with her shorthand and typing and right into a job. Worse still, I can't make as much today as she is making, unless I work seven days a week.

I want to be paid for more than just hours spent by the bedside. I want to be paid for my original investment in learning, just as a doctor expects to be paid for his medical education. But today's wage scale for nurses doesn't take this factor into consideration.

What about my irregular hours and split-shift scheduling? Ten years

of hasty meals; of scrambling out of bed at 3 A.M. and leaving a sleeping household; of canceling a date with the boy friend; of struggling against sleep in a hospital room next to a snoring patient—those are things I remember vividly during my decade as a nurse. There is no moment you can call your own.

I want to know in advance what my working hours are going to be, so I can enjoy my personal life. I don't want to work a split shift at the hospital because if I do I might as well work the whole 24 hours. And then there's the matter of overtime. The hospital seems to look at the time clock to check our arrivals, but they put on a blindfold after 3 o'clock.

Under present conditions, hospital surroundings are often anything but pleasant. In general, hospitals have not made much effort to furnish happy surroundings for their nurses. Students complain that the rooms are too small. One girl said: "I feel as if I'm confined in a cell." I felt very much the same way when I first went into training.

The nurse and the potential nurse want a bright and cheerful atmosphere. The modern Lenox Hill Hospital in New York, for instance, has ideal conditions—decorated lounges where the student or nurse can entertain, tastefully furnished living quarters and a swimming pool. Reportedly, there is no shortage of student nurses at Lenox Hill.

The same would be true of other hospitals if they provided comparable surroundings. The crisp uniform and the friendly smile which a hospital patient so desires don't go with gloomy quarters and social inconveniences.

Until something is done about wage adjustments and desirable working conditions, the nurse isn't going to remain by the bedside. Instead, she will apply her training and knowledge to other fields that still require nursing but offer far greater inducements. Meanwhile, the patient—and that could be you—is faced with the constant threat of lax hospital care, because there just aren't enough nurses available to take care of today's urgent needs.



Cross-questioned

A VERY PROUD PAPA, keenly aware of his role as protector, strutted, with his trusting wife and a half-dozen or so kids, up to the window of a small railway station and inquired: "Will there be any train, either freight or passenger, going north this afternoon?"

To this the agent replied, "No,

no more are due this afternoon."

"Well, what about south? Will there be one going south?"

And again the agent said, "No, none south."

At this the hero turned and announced assuredly to his flock, "Yep, everything's okay now. We can cross the tracks."

—RUBEN I. FRANKS

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Switzerland:

Oasis of Peace and Plenty



Not richly endowed by nature, a tiny republic is nevertheless an industrial wonderland

by DEAN JENNINGS

SKILLED CRAFTSMEN in a Swedish factory recently made a wire so thin that it could not be seen with the naked eye. They sent it to a Swiss factory noted for delicate work and proudly challenged the Helvetians to match it.

Presently the package came back with a note: "Examine your wire under the microscope." The Swedes peered at the wire, then admitted they were licked. The Swiss had drilled a hole through it.

The story may be apocryphal, but it is symbolic of the 4,250,000 people of Switzerland, whose industrial know-how has made the tiny nation unique in the world.

Most Americans, beguiled by travel posters and newsreel shots, think of Switzerland as a land of cowbells, cheese, yodelers, mountain goats, pretty Alpine maidens, and

Saint Bernard dogs carrying grog to stranded mountain climbers. Actually the chamois are dying out, the Saint

Bernards are slowly being moved to Tibet, and the yodelers and cowbells can barely be heard above the whirl of machinery. Only the ruddy-cheeked girls and the scenery remain unchanged.

The real Switzerland of today is an industrial wonderland rarely seen by the hurrying traveler. Swiss Diesels, manufactured miles from any sea, are driving American ships. Swiss electric engines are pulling trains in all parts of the world. DDT, first used by the American Army, was invented in Switzerland, and another Swiss scientist perfected the variable pitch propeller for planes. The Swiss gave us the zipper, and the technique for paving roads with tar. Cellophane was a Swiss idea, and we can thank the Swiss for the ski lift, the soup tablet, the invention of canned milk, the

first wrist watch, and many life-saving drugs.

We Americans often boast of our country's high standard of living. Switzerland, too, has reason to be proud—with almost no poverty, unemployment, illiteracy, slums. Recently, driving past a home for indigents, an American visitor expressed surprise at finding such an institution.

"Oh, those people weren't poor," his companion replied. "They were just poor managers."

The remark succinctly expresses the philosophy of life in a nation that has achieved success despite handicaps found in few other lands. Switzerland has practically no natural resources. In this diminutive country, only one-tenth the size of California, the massive Alps take up three-fifths of the terrain, and agricultural land is so scarce that the Swiss would hunger without tremendous imports of food. There is no outlet to the sea and often during her history, as in World War II, Switzerland found herself painfully isolated between Germany, France and Italy.

But troubles are only a challenge to the Swiss. Unable to find sustenance in the Alps, they harnessed glaciers and plunging rivers for electrical power. More than 6,000 power stations have made Switzerland the most electrified nation in the world, and their "white coal," as they call it, lights 99 per cent of Swiss homes, runs thousands of factories and drives high-speed trains over 3,700 miles of tracks.

The Swiss have been rugged individualists since the first Helvetian tribes roamed the Alps in 107 B.C. The Romans, the Ostrogoths,

and even the Huns found them too tough to absorb. Much later, the Helvetians rankled under the reign of Rudolph von Habsburg. On August 1, 1291, meeting secretly on the now-enshrined Rütli meadow, representatives of three cantons signed the pact that founded the Swiss Confederation, oldest continuous democracy in the world.

William Tell, the sharpshooting bowman, is known to every American schoolboy, but most Swiss believe his story is only legend. Nevertheless, a rocky promontory on Lake Lucerne is still shown to visitors as the place where Tell escaped his pursuers, and Tell's crossbow is the national trade-mark for goods made in Switzerland.

The stout little republic survived invasions and wars through the centuries, while adding new cantons, or states, to the Confederation. Finally, in 1848, the Swiss looked to the U. S. for inspiration, and adopted our bicameral system of legislature. They backed their new congress with a constitution which guaranteed the rights of the individual to an extraordinary degree.

In contrast to our elective procedure, Switzerland's president is picked by vote of the Federal Assembly from its own membership. He holds office only one year, and is one of a Federal Council of seven men who are the executive body of the nation. The president has no executive powers, cannot fire his colleagues and plays such a humble role that people often forget his name—a situation that would give American politicians a nervous breakdown.

In Switzerland, German, French, Romansch and Italian are all official

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languages. Swiss money is printed in three languages; so are railroad schedules, tax bills, public notices and all official documents. To complicate matters further, Switzerland is also a land of three races, three sets of traditions, three philosophies and customs, as well as many creeds. Yet no Swiss ever thinks of himself as Italian or German or French. He is a Swiss.

Recently, a Swiss statesman, chatting with an American diplomat, confessed that he was baffled by the state of the world. "We found out more than 650 years ago that people of different tongues and races can live together as one nation," he said. "Why can't the rest of the world do the same?"

The Swiss live in a vacuum of anonymity, and men who become too well-known are looked upon with suspicion. The Swiss do not give medals or decorations; there are no press agents, no gossip columnists, no *Social Register* or *Who's Who*. Consequently there are no "big names" in Switzerland, and few Americans realize the important roles played by Swiss in the building of America.

California owes much of its present wealth to the Swiss trail blazer, John Sutter, who discovered gold there in 1848. Benjamin Rush, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, was a Swiss, and Swiss soldiers fought with Lafayette during the revolution.

Even those who stayed close to home and achieved immortality are, ironically, associated in the public mind with other countries—men like Jean Jacques Rousseau, the Swiss watchmaker's son; César Ritz, father of the modern hotel;

Maggi, inventor of the soup tablet; and Dr. Carl Jung, distinguished psychiatrist.

Most Swiss have no interest in fame, but they *are* concerned with sound finance. The people have a passion for thrift, and have more money stowed away in savings than any other people in the world except the Americans. Swiss youngsters learn the knack of business deals at an age when American kids are still playing sand-lot ball.

Nothing is ever wasted by the Swiss. Instead of being burned or buried, garbage goes to animals for feed. Every inch of ground is used for something—flowers, vegetables, chickens or vineyards. Clothes are mended endlessly, and the average Swiss girl seldom indulges in such fripperies as silk stockings, jewelry, gay hats and evening gowns.

Despite their frugality, the Swiss have two traits found in most Americans—they are a soft touch for charitable endeavors and they love to gamble. Last year the Swiss poured millions of francs into medical, religious and social-welfare programs, and they spent almost as much on the national lotteries. Almost everybody buys at least one lottery ticket every six weeks, trying for the \$12,500 capital prize. The government permits gambling casinos, but the only game allowed is *boule*, a form of roulette, and bets are limited by law to 50 cents.

THE SWISS ARE AMONG the healthiest people in the world, but they have almost no social life as we know it in America. Swiss women are too busy running their homes to have leisure time. In fact, Switzerland is a man's world. Women

have no vote, and discourage any attempt to give them suffrage.

Ten-hour workdays are not unusual, some men have two jobs, and many couples run a small business together. Boys and girls don't "date" as they do in America. Few families own cars (only one in 43), there are no corner drugstores, and youngsters go to school for one reason only—to learn.

To strangers, the Swiss seem cool and aloof at first, but actually they are shy, inhibited by centuries of self-restraint. Beneath the protective shell they are warm and friendly, as some 400,000 GIs discovered on furlough trips to Switzerland.

To Americans who associate bicycles only with teen-age boys, a noontime visit to any Swiss city is a hair-raising experience. Promptly at 12 o'clock, hundreds of bike riders pop from alleys, doorways, streets and parking lots, and the streets are a maelstrom of flying skirts, flapping trousers, jangling bells and spinning wheels. Then, just as suddenly, there is a deathly silence which lasts for two hours until the workers come back from lunch.

In small towns the plumber, the carpenter, the grocer and other tradesmen don't use trucks—they ride bikes instead. Even the postmen ride, and if you see one balancing a stack of newspapers, packages and maybe towing a new baby carriage, you can be sure he's an old-timer, as deft and graceful on his wheel as Pavlova in the swan dance.

The Swiss love for bicycling is a reflection of their zest for outdoor living. They are indefatigable hikers, and the majority of the young people have scaled at least one of the Alpine peaks.

Skiing is not just a sport in Switzerland—it's a national passion. Families who would never dream of investing in such a luxury as a refrigerator spend fabulous sums on skis and ski clothes. Everyone skis in Switzerland, and it is not at all uncommon to see three-year-old boys and girls skimming along like professionals.

Sports which interest millions of Americans—such as football, boxing, basketball, track and baseball—are followed indifferently or ignored in Switzerland. But their soccer teams are among the best in the world, and there are more than 60,000 bike riders who compete in such torturing events as the 1,100-mile *Tour de Suisse*. The Swiss are avid about gymnastics. Fishing is another popular sport, and the country's thousands of lakes and streams offer such fabulous catches that some American businessmen fly the ocean just to try their rods.

Interest in sports has naturally improved the nation's health. The infant mortality rate is only 36 per 1,000, far below most other countries. The number of women who smoke is almost infinitesimal, and good hard liquor is a luxury few families can afford.

But the Swiss have their gustatory vices, including an astonishing variety of rich patisserie in even the smallest bakeries, delicacies which many American women would reject as ruinous to the figure.

Another item found in virtually every Swiss home is kirsch, a cheap fluid distilled from cherry pits, and with a taste like a flame thrower. For many, wine is a prerequisite for principal meals, and the Swiss import millions of gallons because

they can't make enough of it for themselves.

Swiss houses in or near the cities are built much like conventional American homes. There are no screens or shades, however; windows have heavy shutters which are religiously closed almost every night. Housewives make a fetish of cleanliness, and it is not unusual for floors to be scrubbed or waxed twice a day. Everything in Switzerland is kept spotless—including streets and stores—and American travelers who throw away cigarette butts or papers soon retrieve them with a sense of guilt.

Education is compulsory in Switzerland. There is almost no illiteracy, even among peasants, and the Swiss are voracious readers. More than 3,500 books are published every year, there are hundreds of newspapers and magazines, and there is one teacher for every 33 pupils. It is a rare Swiss who cannot speak two languages, and hundreds are fluent in four or more.

There are some 900,000 radio sets in Switzerland—about one to a family—and each owner pays an annual listening fee. But there are no commercial shows or singing commercials, and the four broadcasting stations are operated by the government. The Swiss are movie fans, too, and pin-up pictures of Hollywood stars are sold in all stationery stores.

OF ALL THE COUNTRIES in Europe, Switzerland is the favorite destination for today's tourists. Last year, some 1,500,000 travelers poured in and spent \$234,000,000. Many of the visitors were Americans, lured by what is undoubtedly

the most concentrated scenic and resort area in the world.

Hotelkeeping is an art and a career in the manner made famous by Ritz, and the Swiss maintain a school where young men learn to be great chefs or hotel managers. The famed Swiss travel posters are turned out anew every year by the nation's leading artists in a country-wide contest. The travel industry employs thousands of people, all dedicated to making life enjoyable for people away from home.

If tourism is one arm of Switzerland's economic body, manufacturing is the other. The watch industry, which was founded in the 16th century, accounts for one-fourth of the country's exports, and its workers are among the most skilled and best paid in the world. The Swiss were weaving cloth long before other European countries, and today their textiles are known from Fifth Avenue to Capetown.

Swiss communications experts have given the country one of the most amazing telephone systems in the world. Any subscriber in Switzerland can dial any other phone, and the highest three-minute rate does not exceed 40 cents. Subscribers can have five different static-free radio programs piped into their homes over phone lines, and another gadget records messages from people who telephone while a subscriber isn't home, and plays them back at will.

The telephone company's personal service is unique—and free. Want to be called in the morning? A cheery operator will wake you with a ring, and will call back ten minutes later to make sure you haven't dozed off. The company locates

plumbers, doctors, locksmiths or taxis day or night—and its information service answers questions on anything at any time.

The Swiss have a global reputation for mechanical ingenuity, and gadget-loving Americans are among the steadiest customers. Recent inventions include the smallest camera in the world, the tiniest electric motor ever made, small pocket-knives with 12 built-in tools, electric stoves an inch square which cook, and a portable sewing machine not much bigger than a shoe box. Even Swiss fishermen have the gadget affliction. If you ask the price of a particular fish at the market, the fisherman simply presses on the gills and a little price tag pops from the fish's mouth.

Today, in an apprehensive world that apparently cannot concentrate on the business of peace, Switzerland's traditions are unchanged.

The country still defends the rights of all citizens and free men, and holds strongly to its neutrality. There is no standing army, but 800,000 citizen-soldiers can be mobilized in a few hours, superbly equipped and trained to fight only in defense of their own land.

Like other nations, the Swiss do not want a war; they wish to remain an island of tranquillity, available to the whole world. Already they have welcomed within their borders 81 world organizations, such as the International Red Cross, the European offices of the United Nations, the International Labor Organization, the Universal Postal Union, the International Refugee Organization and many another group representing all peoples, creeds and philosophies. Proudly, they will tell you what Victor Hugo once said of their land: "Switzerland will have the last word—in history."

There's MONEY Waiting for YOU!

IF YOU CAN USE extra funds between now and Christmas, this message is for you. For the housewife who has more to buy than her budget will allow; for the student who has free time away from classes; for the small-businessman who has friendly contacts; for the teacher or church worker, for the retired man and woman who desire additional income—for anyone and everyone interested in earning extra money—the CORONET Plan spells easy dollars.

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The Man in the Doorway

by JAMES ALDREDGE

He flew no flag, but true patriotism was in his heart

ON THE EVENING OF April 15, 1865, the little New Hampshire capital of Concord was in an uproar. The day before, President Lincoln had been assassinated in Washington. Political fevers had always run high in Concord, but never more so than on this night when enflamed Republican followers of the murdered President held a mass meeting.

"All Concord is bowed in mourning for Abraham Lincoln," the chairman cried above the tumult. "It is only fitting and proper that we show respect for our great dead leader!"

Someone in the crowd shouted, "Fly the flags!" Instantly the cry was taken up and repeated by the grief-stricken men and women.

Then a sharp voice cut the din, shouting a familiar name. Suddenly the babble stopped. Scowls appeared on weather-tanned New England faces. For the man whose name had been mentioned lived among them, shunned as an outcast.

Once he had been a respected public servant, a Democrat. But his protests against the Civil War, his charge that conciliatory methods could have prevented the conflict, had destroyed his popularity. A cry tinged with hatred swept the crowd.

"Let's go to his house," a man shouted, "and force him to fly the Stars and Stripes!"

Gripped by mob spirit, Lincoln's

mourners surged through the streets. Only one of their number, a youth who lived in the outcast's house, was not carried away. Slipping from the mob, he raced through side streets to warn his friend.

Awakened by the youngster, the man arose wearily and, as the mob's roar announced its arrival, threw open his door and stood defiantly on the threshold. Someone shouted: "Where's your flag?" And the crowd echoed the question.

His tall figure standing like a black shaft in the flickering torchlight, the man spoke, his words ringing with bell-like clarity.

"By what right," he demanded, "does any member of this throng challenge my need for showing our country's flag? It is more than 35 years since I began to serve my nation as best I knew how. If, in all that time, I have not proved my devotion to the Stars and Stripes, the Constitution and the Union, then it is far too late for me to prove it by any such exhibition as you have called for!"

A shamed hush fell over the mob. Then men began to disappear quietly into the shadows, and soon the crowd melted away.

Hands stiff by his side, head high and defiant, Franklin Pierce, fourteenth President of the United States, stood alone in his doorway as the last demonstrator vanished up the darkened street.

Fashion Queen Behind the Scenes

by CAROLINE BIRD



Style-conscious merchants from coast to coast are guided by canny Tobé's forecasts on the shape of clothes to come

BUDGET-MINDED husbands groaned. College girls and housewives who believed in comfort paraded defiantly. Men who had long enjoyed a leggy eyeful protested. But in a few weeks all the shouting was over. Longer skirts were in, and "The New Look" dropped off the front page. No one was less surprised than Tobé (pronounced To-bay) Collier Davis, who had known all the time it would happen this way.

Back in 1945, a soft-spoken, nonsense woman with lively, wide-set eyes, a piquantly pointed chin and a feminine tousle of graying ringlets ventured into the specialty shop of a Midwest department store with a young girl who wanted to buy a suit. "Try that one," the older woman suggested practically,

frowning at the price tag. "The skirt's too long for now, but you can take it up and next year it will be just right." A passing section manager stopped in her tracks.

"Good Lord!" she exclaimed, "that's Tobé! Skirts are going to be longer next year."

Soon salesgirls, buyers and the store president were gathering round the unpretentious customer, to watch the nearest thing America has to a fashion czarina help her secretary buy a \$75 suit that would last two seasons.

Last year, 2,000 department stores and specialty shops paid Tobé a fabulous sum for her opinions on what women would wear this year. Fashion leaders at Stevens in Chicago, Jordan Marsh in Boston and Nieman-Marcus in Dallas grab her one-to-a-city report on the shape of clothes to come as soon as it arrives

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in Friday's mail. Stores that are sick of fashion call on Tobé to doctor them at \$500 a day and expenses.

Several times a year, hundreds of merchandisers gather in New York to hear Tobé rattle off inspirational analyses of garments she believes will soon become the profitable "Ford" models every woman wants. Seasoned buyers hang on her words because they can bet their last dollar that if she believes in Van Gogh prints, a working girl will buy a Van Gogh scarf some day instead of lunch. At one time or another, she has had almost everybody in pleated skirts, twin sweaters, uplift swim suits, short-vamp shoes and Eugénie hats.

Manufacturers who sell to Tobé's clients will do almost anything to get favorable mention. Once a delegation of fiercely competitive house-dress makers agreed to bring their models to her office on the same day to save her time. Each waited hopefully for her verdict as she glanced down a line of glamorous girls in supposedly new dresses.

"None of you has it right," she snapped. "You'd better put more fabric in those skirts." Some makers blustered, some mentally calculated their yardages in process and blanched. Those who threw caution to the winds and changed their patterns are still in business.

AMERICAN WOMEN SPEND \$2,000,-
000,000 a year on clothing and accessories. Taken all together, this is Big Business. Actually, it is divided into hundreds of specialized manufacturing and merchandising lines, each a nucleus of struggling enterprises. All are trying to make the dreams of the average American

girl come true, yet she herself doesn't know how she wants to look until they show her.

Every year thousands of fashion creators guess. At stake are conditions of work in the textile and apparel industry (the nation's largest employer of factory labor), the fate of thousands of cotton farmers, even sales of products like electrical appliances that compete with clothes for the family income.

Hardheaded businessmen held their breaths two years ago when a French designer suggested that women might want to pinch their waists and cover their knees. Billions of dollars depended on whether "The New Look" would take. What did Tobé think?

Government economists, labor leaders and bankers who finance the garment trades phoned to find out where she stood. Department stores in Los Angeles, Minneapolis, Houston, Atlanta, Detroit held up their buying programs until Tobé wired the word.

Tobé's reply was the same to everyone. "It's got to come," she said. "Can't you see that women are tired of the dresses they had to wear during the war when the government held up the hem line to save material? Fashion trends follow psychological laws. Women grumble, but they'll wear the new clothes—and love them."

By the fall of 1947, dresses had dropped three inches. Yet Tobé's work had just begun. Most of the industry was unprepared for change. Manufacturers of costume jewelry, zippers, girdles and shoulder pads had to find out what "The New Look" meant to them.

There were skirmishes and cas-

ualties. Big hats, created on the theory that millinery had to be of a size to compete with fuller skirts, slugged it out on the counters and lost to little hats, designed on the theory that hats shouldn't steal the show. Retiring grays and beiges challenged the shrieking reds and greens of the turbulent war years.

During the height of the storm, Tobé was invited to a meeting in Manhattan's garment center. One coat manufacturer blurred the fear in the minds of all. "Tobé, those calf-slapping coats just won't sell. How's a woman going to heave all that yardage onto a streetcar?"

"You've got a good point there," she agreed thoughtfully, "only it won't work out the way you think. The dresses are so exciting that every one of your customers will want a new longer dress and will have 'The New Look' in her closet by the time she gets around to buying a new winter coat. If you can't cover her new dress or skirt, someone else will put out a coat that will." The manufacturers shook their heads, but coats fell.

AS BEFITS A FASHION czarina, Tobé lives in an aura of glamour. At her town house in New York and her Westchester country house, Hildegarde and Gypsy Rose Lee mingle with diplomats, professors, publishers, bankers and ladies from the international set. Yet if her friend Beardsley Ruml, chairman of the board at Macy's, happened to glance through the store's old personnel files, he might well run into her not-very-impressive sales record as a \$20-a-week clerk in the hat department. Tobé advises girls to begin on the working side of the

counter; she started there herself.

Tobé grew up as Taube Collier, daughter of a clothing merchant in pre-World War I Milwaukee. She was a slender, vivacious girl, and prepared herself for a leisurely life as a Midwest matron by taking a home-economics course at Milwaukee-Downer College for Women. Then her father sold his business, moved the family to New York, and went broke.

Taube first went to work writing form letters for a mail-order house at \$12 a week. Then, after working for a leather company, she transferred to Macy's. Later, she walked into the office of the manager of Altman's store. "I like your store," she said simply. "I'd like to work here. I'm worth \$25 a week."

"But it takes years for a salesperson to work up to that salary," the manager gasped. "How long have you been in this business?"

"Why don't you ask me what I've done," Taube challenged, "instead of how long I've worked?"

She got the job—at \$22 a week. She completed her education in retailing as secretary to a great custom dressmaker who taught her the economics and diplomacy of dressing the best-dressed women in town. She soon started her own dressmaking business under the name Tobé. When it failed, Franklin Simon, enterprising merchant-prince of Fifth Avenue, offered her a job.

"I don't need buyers, Tobé," he told her. "We have people who know merchandising inside and out. But things are changing. We can never know enough about our customers. I want you to find out what they really want."

Tobé spent days on the palatial

selling floors, watching the crowds. Her quick eye spotted new kinds of shoppers: alert working girls who came to Simon's to learn how to invest their hard-earned wages in clothes of distinction; wives of rising young men who wanted to look every bit as chic as the wives of their husbands' bosses.

One day in 1921, Simon's daughter dropped in at the store after vacationing at Palm Beach. "I saw several little jersey dresses down there that I'd love to own," she reported casually. "They've got pleated skirts and piqué collars and cuffs, and they don't wrinkle."

In a few days Tobé had traced the elusive jerseys to a small dressmaker across the street from the Ritz in New York, where debutantes like to lunch. As Simon's first Bramley exclusive, the jersey dresses were a huge success and soon found their way into the Europe-bound suitcases of other debutantes. French couturiers spotted them, made a few changes and sold them to the kind of Americans who like to tell their friends that they are wearing a Paris original. Soon everybody was wearing them.

In those days, department-store buyers were uncrowned queens who relied on intuition. At the daily meetings that Franklin Simon called, they displayed intuition in large quantities.

"I received a cable that women in Paris are wearing nude stockings," Tobé reported one day. "It looks as if they have no stockings on at all!"

"Very smart," agreed a veteran buyer, "but they won't sell."

"How do you know?" Tobé asked. "You haven't tried."

"Nobody makes them," the veteran cut her off shortly.

The old-line buyers reckoned without Tobé's initiative. She got around them with infinite diplomacy and plenty of facts. As soon as she saw a question forming in the mind of Franklin Simon, she answered it by silently handing him information to prove her point. The buyers were not surprised when he sent her along with them to Paris.

In the '20s, Parisian couturiers designed for individual women of wealth and distinction, not American department-store customers. Many of them excluded the tired-looking buyers who came with sharp eyes and sharp pencils to rush descriptions of their models over the cables.

Tobé was different. She was fresh, young, expressive. At one of her first visits, she broke into enthusiastic admiration of a new coat. "Isn't this exciting?" she whispered incautiously.

"Don't see anything new about them," the head of the Simon delegation warned, with one eye on the representatives of competing Fifth Avenue stores.

The dean of the coat-and-suit industry overheard the little drama. "Listen to her," he advised the older woman. "Don't forget she sees with young eyes."

Tobé studied the women for whom the Parisian houses worked. When she saw something she liked, she cabled it to Franklin Simon. Once she spotted a bias-cut dress at the races and found that it was made by Vionnet, an exclusive little dressmaker whom no buyer had ever cracked. Tobé got an introduction through friends and succeeded in bringing home the first model. In

the next few years Vionnet became a household word in America.

Tobé took the broad view. She never said, "Buy this because it will sell." Instead she said, "This is what smart women are wearing. This is what we want in our store."

It was the principle of modern fashion merchandising. In 1927, Tobé went into business as an independent stylist.

FEW OF THE WOMEN whose wants are forecast by Tobé today could stand the pace of her average working day. Her 12-foot-wide bed is littered with copies of *Wall Street Journal* and *Women's Wear Daily*. Every evening her maid brings in a huge basket stuffed with the day's diaries of all members of her staff. Promptly at 5 A.M. she starts working her way through the pile.

By 9 o'clock her office is distributing a sheaf of scribbled queries to the 30 specialists who divide the women's-wear market, and Tobé is ready to hop a plane to an out-of-town client, meet a visiting store owner, or lecture at the Tobé-Coburn School for Fashion Careers that she founded 11 years ago.

After a day of split-second de-

cisions, Tobé concentrates on rest by sleeping soundly for 20 minutes. Then she sheds the briskness of a career woman and slips into a fluttery dinner dress. In the evening she becomes a relaxed, leisurely hostess. Her dinner parties are large, frequent and famous, and she plans every dish on the menu.

Although Seventh Avenue and Fifth Avenue may meet at her New York town house or her week-end home at Rye, shop talk is strictly taboo. Tobé skillfully leads the conversation to art, economics, politics or literature. She is an inspiring listener and a never-failing friend to hundreds of men as active and prominent in their own fields as she is in hers. She amazes them by remembering their cigarette brands, the birthdays of their children and the kind of books they like.

Surrounded as she is by wealth, glamour and sophistication, Tobé has remained the girl from Milwaukee who came to New York, as thousands do each year, to try her luck in the Big City. Her sympathy for their feminine aspiration to look their best is the foundation of a man-sized success beyond her wildest youthful dreams.

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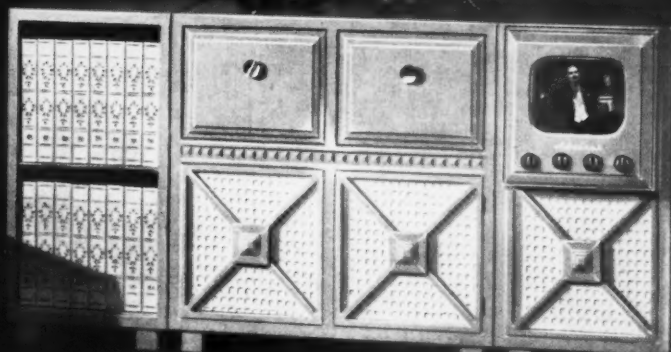
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